A Continuation of LVCANS Historicall Poem till the Death of IVLIVS CÆSAR

The 4.th Edition enlarged by the Author T. M.

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BIBLIOTHECA · HOSIANA

The mind of the

PICTURE

Or,

FRONTISPIECE.

Or noble Lucan *ſo untimely ſlain*
Thus did fair-hair'd Calliope *com-*
plain;
(Whileſt tears apace flow'd from her
Chriſtaleys)
Againſt the too too haſty Deſtinies;
Too cruel ſiſters, why again am I
Enforc'd to weep, and tax your tyranny?
Was not my Orpheus *death (though long ago)*
Enough for me to bear, for you to do?
Orpheus *ſo much by all the graces lov'd,*
Whoſe charming skill, and matchleſs Muſick mov'd
The ſavage beaſts, the ſtones, and ſenſeleſs trees,
Yet could not move the harder Deſtinies.
I ſaw his limbs (alas) ſcattered abroad
On Hebrus banks, while down the ſilver flood
His learned head was rowl'd, and all along
Heard the ſad murmurs of his dying tongue.
No other Tragedie but Lucan *ſlain*
By your untimely ſtroke could thus again
Revive my grief: Oh could you not prolong
That thread a while, until the ſtately ſong
Of his Pharſalia had been finiſh'd quite?
What ſavage bird of prey, what murdring Kite
Could, in the midſt of that melodious lay,
Raviſh the charming Nightingal away?

Thou sung'st no lusts, no riots, nor mad'st known
(Corrupting other manners with thine own)
New crimes, nor with lascivious wantoning
Did'st thou defile the sacred Thespian spring.
Thy verses teach no soul adulteries,
Nor rapes committed by the Deities,
Which may from guilt absolve the worst of men;
But actions great and true: thy happie pen
Adorning Historie with raptures high,
With quick conceits and sound moralitie
Condemn'd the strong injustice of that age,
And reins too much but lose to civil rage,
When Rome the strength, which she had made, did fear,
No longer able her own weight to bear,
Taxing bad greatness, and in deathless verse
Bestowing fame on Noble Sepulchers;
And had'st enobled moe; but woe is me,
Th' untimely stroke of death did silence thee.
Of which the grief not onely us invades,
But dives into the blest Elysian shades,
Sadding the worthies there, that so did long
To fill a room in thine eternal song.
There Cato *thinks (and grieves it was deny'd)*
If thou had'st liv'd, how great he should have dy'd:
The Roman Scipio, *did disdain a Tomb*
On Libya's shore, in hope to find a room
Within thy stately Poëm, well content
Save there, to have no other Monument,
Those stately Temples, where great Cæsar *s name*
Shall be by Rome ador'd, wanting the fame
Which thy high lines might give, in time to come
Shall envie Pompey's *small Aegyptian Tomb.*
Had Juba's *Tragick fall been sung by thee*
'T had eas'd the loss of his great Monarchie:
But that to them and us did Fate denie
That we the more might wail thy Tragedie.
But bootlesly thus to complain (quoth she)
Is weak; to all is more befitting me.
Down to the shades Infernal will I go,
And trie what Magicks powerful Charms can do.

A ſpatious Cave there was (not oft before
Deſcry'd by mortal eye) within that ſhore
Which wealthie France doth to the North diſplay,
And Brittain's Ocean bounds. Thither, they ſay,
The wiſe Dulychian Heroe, *by advice*
Of beautious Circe, *came to ſacrifice,*
And there reſtor'd, by bloud of Bullocks ſlain,
To ſilent Ghoſts the uſe of ſpeech again.
Through that dark vault did Phœbus *nere ſhoot ray,*
Nor ever glided beam of cheerful day.
The grove of Proſerpine *oreſhadow'd quite*
That diſmal ſhore, and damps of drery night
Condens'd the Air; no birds thoſe boughs did grace.
Nor with ſweet muſick cheer'd the baleful place.
To this dark thicket did the Muſe deſcend
To raiſe her Poet's Ghoſt; and to that end
Prepar'd the ſacrifice. Pluto, *to thee*
A Bull was kill'd, to thy Perſephone
A Virgin Heifer; to th' Eumenides
A two-year ſheep. Then with the bloud of theſe
She fill'd a cup, and gave it to the hand
Of her dear Poets Ghoſt, with this command;
Thou, once the Glorie of th' Aonian Wood,
But now their ſorrow, Lucan, *drink this Bloud.*
No other Nectar Phœbus *gives thee now;*
Nor can the Fates a ſecond life beſtow;
A ſecond voice by this charm'd cup they may,
To give ſome progreſs to that ſtately Lay
Thou left'ſt unfiniſh'd. End it not until
The Senates ſwords the life of Cæſar ſpil;
That he, whoſe conqueſts gave dire Nero *Reign,*
May as a ſacrifice to thee be ſlain.
The Ghoſt receiv'd the cup in his pale hand,
Drunk, and fulfill'd Calliopes *command.*

Author Lectori.

Non hæc marmoreis cecinit Lucanus *in Hortis*;
Nec vivum hîc tanti Vatis acumen habes.
Deſine mirari, Lector, ſi carmina forſan
Iſta videbuntur frigidiora tibi.
Impetus Ingenii felix, ardenſquè receſſit.
Hoc tibi defuncti debilis Umbra canit.

TO THE

Moſt high and Mighty MONARCH CHARLES

By the Grace of God, King of Great Brittain, France, *and* Ireland, *&c.*

SIR,

I Should have taught my humble labours a lower preſumption thã to have approched your ſacred hand, if I had onely weighed mine own weakneſs and diſabilitie; but the dignitie of this ſubject did ſomewhat encourage

A me,

me, being a remainder of that great Hiſtorie, whoſe former part was ſo richly dreſſed in the happie conceits, and high raptures of that Noble LUCAN: of whoſe abilitie in writing I was not ſo ambitious in emulation, as officious in deſire, to continue ſo ſtately an argument for your Princely ear: with what ſucceſs I have performed it, your MAIESTIES acceptation onely can determine; to whom if it preſent but the leaſt delight, my end is accompliſhed, for which I have run ſo great a hazard, as (perchance) to be cenſured a foil onely to LUCAN's luſtre; and choſe rather to fall under the weight of a great argument, than to preſent a mean one to ſo high a hand: your MAIESTIES re-

renowned worth, and Heroical virtues (the perfection of mind meeting in you with the height of Fortune) may make you ſecurely delighted in the reading of great actions; to whom I humbly preſent this weak work, beſeeching Almightie GOD long to eſtabliſh your MAIESTIES Throne upon earth, enriching it with bleſſings of the right hand and the left; and after to crown you with incorruptible Glorie: So prayeth

Your MAIESTIES

moſt humble ſubject

THO. MAY.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

A CONTINUATION of the Subject OF *LUCAN'S* Hiſtorical Poem, till the death of *Julius Cæſar.*

The Firſt Book.

The Argument of the Firſt Book.

Th' Ægyptians ſue to Cæſar *for a peace,*
Excuſe their crime, and crave their King's releaſe:
The King reſtor'd by Cæſar *to his ſtate,*
Revolts again: Euphranor's *noble fate.*
Ptolomey's *viſion from Serapis ſent*
Foreſhews the change of Ægypts government.
The war in Delta; Cæſars *victorie.*
The overthrow and death of Ptolomie.

THe threatning Ocean now had ſpent in vain
His ſwelling ſpite, and from the wateſie main,
From Ægypts feeble Treaſon, and the band
Of Pharian ſlaves is *Cæſar* ſafe at land

Fill'd with revenge and ſcorn, arm'd with a rage
Greater than Ægypts ruin can aſſwage.
His war is now made juſt; but that great mind
Too much diſdains ſo juſt a cauſe to find
From ſuch a State, griev'd that they durſt afford
Wrongs proud enough to call on *Ceſar's* ſword,
Or provocation to his furie lend,
Whom Rome it ſelf had trembled to offend,
And ru'd his anger at no cheaper rate
Than *Pompey's* fall, and ruin of the State.
How well could Rome excuſe the gods above
For *Ceſar's* late-wrought ſafetie, and approve
Their favour in it, if no other State
Had felt the force of his revived fate
But Ægypts guiltie land? in that war nought
But juſt revenge for *Pompey* had been wrought.
The willing Senate had with joy decreed
Honours for ſuch a conqueſt; for that deed
From every Town th' Italian youth in throngs
Had met his Chariot with triumphal ſongs,
Nor had great *Pompey's* ſpirit from the skie
Repin'd at ſight of that ſolemnitie.
That act had reconcil'd the Conquerer
To Rome again, had not the fatal war,
Which ſtraight in Affrick, and in Spain enſu'd,
His conquering armie with freſh guilt embrew'd.
The treacherous band of Ægypts Souldiers now
That choſe *Arſinoë* Queen, gan diſallow
The pride of *Ganymedes*, and diſdain
A feeble woman, and baſe Eunuchs reign.
All murmur, all to mutenie inclin'd,
Yet each afraid to ſound each others mind:
Till one at laſt more venturous than the reſt
Thus with his own the thoughts of all expreſt.
What end have theſe our arms? Why do we make
Tumults in ſtead of wars? If arms we take
To free Niles fruitful regions from the yoke
Of Romes ambition, why do we provoke
The ſtrength of *Ceſar* at a time when he
Detains our King within his cuſtodie?

The

The King as hoſtage for our truth doth lie
We hazard not the war but *Ptolomey.*
Though our attempt 'gainſt *Cæſar* ſhould ſucceed
We ſtain the honour of ſo great a deed
Wanting a lawful chief; and 't will be thought
Rebellious tumults not juſt wars have wrought
Rich *Ægypts* freedom: More may be obtain'd
By peace, than can be by ſuch hazards gain'd.
Then let us ſue for *Ptolomey's* releaſe:
Cæſar (though now incenſt) will grant us peace
On eaſie terms; and think it better far
Then to be here entangled in a war,
Whileſt yet Pharſalia's reliques do remain
To joyn their ſtrength, and trie their fate again:
Whil'ſt the diſpers'd not conquer'd powers of Rome
Are gathering head, and furious nations come
From *Juba's* Kingdom, Ammons fartheſt ſands,
And where Spains Calpe bounds the Weſtern lands
To croſs his growing fortunes: But if we
Tender the ſtate of young *Arſinoë*,
(Becauſe deſcended from great *Lagus* race,)
Why do we wrong her brother, and miſplace
Our dutie ſo? Prepoſterous loyaltie
It is, to honour *Lagus* familie,
And therefore *Lagus* lawful heir depoſe.
A general ſhout, which through the Camp aroſe,
Shews their agreement too too great to be
Suppreſſed now, or term'd a mutenie.
That even *Arſinoë* ſeeing this conſent
Is forc'd to be, or ſeem (at leaſt) content.
Embaſſadours to *Cæſar* they addreſs
To beg the King's inlargement, ſue for peace,
And pardon for their treacherie to him:
Which they excus'd at large, and all the crime
Upon *Photinus* and *Achillas* laid:
Whoſe lives (ſay they) have for their treaſons paid.
Cæſar, though once enrag'd, admits their low
Submiſſive prayers, and ſmooths his angrie brow,
Scorning to loſe ſo proud a wrath upon
Such worthleſs objects; or intent alone

On

On civil wars, reserves his furie all.
To wreak in nothing but his countreys fall.
Nought but so hard, and so abhorr'd a crime
Had guilt and danger great enough for him.
He briefly grants them their desired ends,
And *Ptolomey* back to his Kingdom sends.
Poor boy, what fatal freedom hast thou gain'd?
Thou to thy ruin hast thy wish obtain'd.
'T is *Cæsars* crueltie that sets thee free,
To make thee guiltie and then punish thee.
Thine innocence did guard thee, whilest by him
Thou wert confin'd, and could'st not act a crime
That might deserve thy death; but well knew he
Thy ages weakness, and the treacherie
Of thy perfidious and unconstant men
Would draw thee to offences, and thou then
By fair pretence of justice might'st be slain
A sacrifice to *Cleopatra's* (*a*) reign,
And his desires, who means thy crown shall buy
Or pay the hire of his adulterie.
Cæsar's surmises find a true event;
For *Ptolomey* back to his people sent
(Whether that falshood were the nations vice,
Or else by nature or bad nurture (*b*) his,
Or he by others easie to be sway'd)
Forgets the oath that he to *Cæsar* made.
And fill'd with vain and flattering hopes, calls on
The forward fates t' his own destruction.
A well rigg'd fleet of Ships he forth doth send
In ambush near Canopus to attend
(An Isle that East from Alexandria lies)
To cut off all provision and supplies,
That might by Sea to *Cæsar's* camp arrive.
To this his first attempt doth Fortune give
Some seeming favour; for while there they lie,
Euphranor's Ship, sever'd unhappilie
Alone from all the rest of *Cæsar's* fleet,
By this Ægyptian Navy is beset.
(*c*) *Euphranor's* valour, that had never found
The fates but friendly, and so oft renown'd

With

With *Cæsar's* fortune had for *Cæsar* fought,
This change affrights n t; his undaunted thought
Not fear but rage poſſeſſes; and though there
Beſet, he plays th' aſſailant every where.
They fear to joyn with him, and evermore
Flie from his grapple; as a chafed Bore
The following hounds avoid, ſo *Ægypts* fleet
Surprizes danger which it dares not meet.
But being ſo many Ships they cannot all
Eſcape from him; ſome, though unwilling, fall
Upon *Euphranor*, and are forc'd to buy
With their own loſs their fellows victorie.
Some veſſels bor'd 't ixt wind and water ſunk,
And drinking waves into the waves were drunk.
'Gainſt others from the Roman veſſel fire,
Wrapt up in balls was thrown; whoſe active ire
The Ocean could not quench until too late,
And did not ſuccour then, but change the fate.
Some dead, ſome living float in *Neptune's* flood
The Sea diſcolour'd with the victours bloud.
Had but one more of *Cæſars* Ships been caught,
Th' *Ægyptian* fleet a fatal prey had fought,
And learned then how they deceived took
But Fortunes bait, which hid a mortal hook.
But when at laſt thoſe few Cæſarians (hands
Were ſpent with wounds and toil, and that their
Could for that endleſs task no more ſuffice
Euphranor wearie with ſubduing dies,
Leaving the reſt of thoſe *Ægyptian* powers
Survivours rather than true Conquerours.
Now *Ptolomey* was levying ſtrength by land,
When *Mithridates* with a warlike band
Of men, from Syria, and Cilicia came
Raiſed from thence by him in *Cæſar's* name.
And marching ſwiftly o're the land, at laſt
Arriv'd where ſtrong Peluſium's fitly plac'd
Upon the continent, and on that ſide
Th' *Ægyptian* bounds from Syria doth divide:
Peluſium's ſtrength is thought by land to be
Ægypts defence as *Pharos* is by Sea.

But now (alas) too weak it proves to ſtay
Fierce *Mithridates* courſe, who in one day
(Though there *Achillas* left a Garriſon)
Summons, aſſaults, and wins by force, the Town;
Nor ſtays he there, but marches ſpeedily
To joyn his ſtrength with *Cæſar's* power, whom he
Of this exploit before had certifi'd.
This *Mithridates*, who on *Cæſar's* ſide
So well had ſerv'd, as to deſerve from him
After this war, the Thracian diadem,
Of great and royal parentage was ſprung,
And trained up in princely arts, when young,
By that great King, that Aſian Conquerour,
Who fourtie years withſtood the Roman power,
And in ſo many honour'd fields did fame
Lucullus, *Sylla*, and great *Pompey's* name.
The King, that now beſides Canobus lay,
With all his power, intends to march away
With ſpeed through Delta, where the Fates decree
To ſeat the war, and his ſad tragedie.
Rich Delta, Ægypts pride, the flower alone
Of all the Pharian Kings dominion;
Upon whoſe fertile breaſt a thouſand ways
In winding tracks the wanton Nilus plays,
And with his amorous folding arms doth ſeem
T' embrace ſmall Ilands, whileſt his ſilver ſtream
From ſeveral channels oft it ſelf doth meet,
And oft it ſelf with wanton kiſſes greet.
So thoſe fair rivolets, which for the food
Of living bodies, bear the crimſon blood
To every part, within the liver meet,
And there with kiſſes numberleſs do greet
Themſelves; and as they through each other glide
Make many knots, as if they took a pride
In their ſtrange foldings, and themſelves did pleaſe
In thoſe admired Anaſtomoſes.
This fertile region, whoſe extenſion makes
A juſt triangle, from the letter takes
Delta for name, whoſe baſis is the Sea,
Whoſe two ſides Niles two wideſt channels be.

For

For all the other five within those two
Into the Northren Sea through Delta go.
Down from the lesser cataract Nile flowes,
And in one single channel North-ward goes
From Elephantis Ile the ancient bound,
Twixt th' Æthiopian, and Ægyptian ground.
Four thousand furlongs to that spatious plain,
Where Memphis stands, so famed for the vain,
And mispent labour of so many men,
Her wondrous Pyramids; which had not been,
If natures bountie, and the wealthie soil
Had not too much excus'd the Plowmans toil.
So many hands (as there were vainly found)
Had been enough t'have made the barren'st ground
Of Ammons deserts, or the Libyan sands
Fruitful by working, t' have entrench'd whole lands,
And fenc'd their Ægypts often conquer'd Towrs
From Persian, Græcian, and Italian powrs.
At Memphis Nile his channel doth divide:
That branch that flowes along the Eastern side,
Into the Ocean rowls his curled waves
At strong Pelusium; th' other channel laves
(A thousand furlongs distant thence, as he
Into the Ocean fals) the regions nigh
To fair Canobus, which (by ancient fame)
From *Menelaus* Pylot took the name;
Who dying there, was buried on the shore,
When Ægypts Crown that just King *Proteus* wore:
Who took from *Priam's* wanton son away
Atrides beauteous wife, his ravish'd prey,
And to her husband after her restor'd (sword
When Troyes sack'd towrs had felt the vengeful
Of arm'd Greece. That region, which between
Those two the widest arms of Nile is seen,
Is Delta, which so plentifully yields,
Ceres and *Bacchus*, rich in pasture fields,
And flowrie meadowes, where the bleating flocks,
And horned heards do graze; the labouring Ox
Weary'd in those fat furrows, near deceives
Hopes which the greediest husbandman conceives.

There loftie Cities ſtand, and Towns of fame,
Lakes flow, which from thoſe Cities take their names.
Butum environ'd with the Butick lake,
Where once her Oracles *Latona* ſpake:
There fair Diotſpolis, Lycopolis,
Hermopolis, and Leontopolis
Proud Cities riſe: There doth Buſiris ſtand
Fatal to ſtrangers, that were forc'd to land
Upon her bloudy ſhore; until the hand
Of great *Alcides* freed the grieved land
From that fell Tyrants reign, whoſe name the town
Yet bears; near that is that fair Citie known
By Venus name; there fair Panephyſis,
Tanitis, Xois, and Cynoſpolis,
And Sais chief of all the region,
In which *Minerva's* ſtately Temple 's ſhown,
Where fam'd *Pſammiticus* entombed lies.
There alſo Mendes famous walls do riſe,
Where *Pan* th' Arcadian god is worſhipped,
And goats ador'd; there goats (as we have read)
Do mix with woman-kind; ſo got was he
That lov'd the boy turn'd to a Cypreſs tree.
But now to know the future wars ſucceſs,
The King adviſ'd by *Dioſcorides*
E're from Canobus he through Delta paſs,
(Since there *Serapis* ſtately Temple was)
Reſolv'd to crave that Oracles advice
Commands the Prieſts prepare a ſacrifice.
This ſnake-like god *Serapis* ſeated there,
Whom all rich *Ægypt*, and the nations near
Devoutly worſhip, and from every port
To his undoubted Oracle reſort,
Speaks not to men, like other gods, nor ſhews
His truth by voice, as horned Ammon does;
Nor like their *Apis*, fore-declaring good
Or bad, by taking or refuſing food;
Nor like the Delphian *Phœbus* doth poſſeſs
In killing rage, a wretched Propheteſs,
Making ſad death the puniſhment or hire
Of every ſoul his furie doth inſpire;

But gentlie glides into a sleeping breast,
By dreams instructing our repose and rest,
In truths that can be by no labour gain'd:
There only knowledge is with ease attain'd.
To this renown'd Temple far and near
Th' Ægyptian Lords and Princes come to hear
Truth without help of senses, and to know
By dreaming there their future weal or wo.
Why should this god his knowledge then declare
To men, when men least fit for knowledge are?
And chuse to come to them at such a time
When they no duties can return to him?
Is it his bountie or his power to show,
That men so taught may plainly see they ow
Nothing at all to studies of their own,
But to his bountie and his power alone,
That then can make them understand aright
When they 're bereft of understanding quite?
Or else the god, when men can exercise
Their powers and intellectual faculties,
Will not descend with their weak thoughts to joyn
Commixing humane reason with divine.
Within the Temples inmost room, a bed
Of richest purple wrought with gold was spred;
To which the King was by the Priests conveyd,
And there, to take his dreaming vision lay'd.
No dreams at all within that sacred room
But such as were divinely sent, might come.
Others, which from complexions difference
Or natural humors flow'd, were banish'd thence;
And those which from the studies of the day,
Or cares arose, in th' outward Temple stay,
And there together flie in companies
Of different colours, shapes, and qualities.
Fair sanguin dreams, that seem to cheer the night,
With beautious shapes, and rosie wings, as bright
As is the morning, or those flowrs, that grace
In mid'st of spring, the painted *Flora's* face,
Within the Temple merrily do sport;
To whom the little *Cupids* oft resort;

The little *Cupids* from fair *Venus* grove
Stealing by night, do thither come, and love
With those bright sanguine dreams to passe away
The hours of night in sport and amorous play.
There dreams of choller in a flame-like hew
Through th' air, like little fierie Meteors flew
With swift and angrie motion to and fro,
As if they sought within that place a foe.
Sometimes up to the Temples roofe on high
They soar, as if they meant to scale the skie,
Or some impossible atchievement sought;
T' allay the thirst of an aspiring thought.
But down below with sad and heavie cheer
On dead mens Tombs, and every Sepulcher,
The duskie dreams of melancholly light,
With sable wings like Bats, or birds of night.
Fluttering in darkest corners here and there,
But all alone, and still each other fear.
Courting dead skulls, and seeming to invite
The dismal ghosts for companie by night.
There all along the Temples whited wall
Phlegmatick lazie dreams, not wing'd at all,
But slow, like slimy Snails, about do crawl,
And evermore are thence afraid to fall
And so be drown'd; for on the floor below
They do suppose deep pools of water flow.
But swift as thoughts can flie, as winds do blow
Or winged lightning, in a moment go (noise
The flatuous dreams through th' air; sometimes with
Like the far-off affrighting thunders voice.
Besides a thousand other companies
Of dreams, which do from daily cares arise,
From thoughts and deeds of men; which do appear
In forms as many and as different there
As all the World has objects, or is fil'd
With deeds: All these to dreams diviner yield,
And flie aloof without; nor dare they come
Into the Temples inward sacred room.
The dead of night had closed every eye,
And sleep now seiz'd the breast of *Ptolomey*,

When

When lo a vision from *Serapis* sent
To his affrighted fancie did present
The changed state of Ægypts hapless land,
Which now by fates appointment was at hand.
A large-siz'd Ox, into that sacred room
With sad and heavie pace did seem to come,
And lean he was, as if he had not eat
Of long, or wanting, or refusing meat;
Save two white spots, his colour wholly black,
One on his forehead, t' other on his back:
And passing by he seem'd to wail and moan,
From his black eyes the tears fast trickling down.
After, a woman came of stature tall,
Of presence stately and majestical;
High Towrs, and Castles on her head she bare,
But loose, as if all torn, hung down her hair.
Strong chains did seem her naked arms to tie,
With that arose a dismall shreek and crie,
As it had been from ghosts infernal sent,
Whose furie rent the regal monument:
And from their open'd tombs he saw arise
The ghosts of all the bury'd *Ptolomeys*,
From *Lagus* son the first, in order all,
Who following, seem'd to wail the womans fall.
With that cold chilling horrour from the breast
Of sleeping *Ptolomey* had banish'd rest,
Who with amazed thoughts look'd up and down;
But when his eyes were ope, the light was gone.
The Priests approch, and hearing him relate
His doleful dream, lament the wretched State
Of Ægypts Kingdom, and with one content
Foretel th' approching change of government:
Yet to appease the gods, by their advice,
The King commands a solemn sacrifice.
But neerer miseries by far than those
Do threaten thee, poor King; the god foreshows
Thy Countries future dangers, and from thee
Conceals thine own approching tragedie.
To meet with *Cæsar* than he march'd away
Through wealthie Delta, and encamped lay

Upon an high and ſpatious hill; which round
About commands the lower champion ground;
From whence the Countrey he afar deſcri'd,
A place by nature ſtrongly fortifi'd
Three ſeveral ways; th' aſcent ſo ſteep and hard
To climb, as ſeem'd impregnable, did guard
One part alone without the aid of men:
Unto another part a ſpatious fen
And lake did ſeem to give protection:
To guard the third a river ſwiftly run.
Betwixt the lake and which alone did ſtand,
To lend ſome paſſage, a ſmall neck of land:
That little Iſthmos ſeem'd alone to ſtand
In need of guarding by a ſouldier 's hand
Againſt the foes aſſault. But in that place
The King ſuppoſes, 't were too much diſgrace
To be aſſaulted firſt, and would diſmay
His ſouldiers hearts, for *Ceſar* there to ſtay;
Or elſe not ſafe in what defence the lake,
The river, hill, or his own works could make,
To hinder *Ceſar's* comming he intends
Far off; and moſt of all his forces ſends
To guard a river where his paſſage lay.
That bank, on which th' Ægyptian ſouldiers ſtay,
Was high, and far from water, and might well
Keep the Gæſarians off, or them compel
To fight on wondrous diſadvantage there.
But *Ceſar's* troups incapable of fear,
At firſt approch, reſolve, viewing the place,
In ſpight of diſadvantages to paſs.
And whil'ſt the Legionarie ſouldiers throw
'Gainſt t' other ſide, to buſie there the foe,
Thick ſtorms of winged piles; whil'ſt ſome of them
Strive to lay trees for bridges, ore the ſtream,
The German cohorts up and down do trie
The rivers depth, and where moſt eaſilie
They may or ſwim, or wade the channel through;
And make as boldly their attempts, as though
They went againſt no enemie at all.
Whil'ſt the Ægyptians do ſecurely gall

Down

D own from above their labouring enemie,
And on the place, not their own worth relie:
For all the weapons, which from them are thrown,
Require no ſtrength, but by deſcent alone
Bring wounds to the Cæſarians, who, inrag'd
To be 'gainſt ſuch advantages ingag'd,
Sigh, that their valour they muſt vainly loſe
Not to ſubdue, but to approch their foes,
And muſt contend as eagerly to gain
A fight, as erſt a conqueſt to obtain.
Againſt the river and the banks they go:
And in this war the foe is leaſt the foe.
Cæſar perceives in what diſtreſſed plight
The legionaries are inforc'd to fight,
And therefore ſtraight commands his lighteſt horſe
To wheel about, and with a ſpeedy courſe
Far from that place to croſs the river ore.
Which they performed ſwiftly, and before
Th' Ægyptian Souldiers their approch could fear,
Behind they charg'd them in a full carreer.
Whoſe force whil'ſt they, turning about, withſtood,
The legionarie Souldiers paſt the floud
With greater eaſe by bridges which they made,
And through the ſhalloweſt fords the Germans wade.
And now at laſt th' Ægyptian Souldiers
Are forc'd, though loth, to enter equal wars.
But fear made them unequal, and ſubdu'd
As ſoon as fought with, by the fortitude
Of *Cæſar's* men, who elſe had fought in vain
By ſo much ſweat and labour to obtain
A battel, had they not a conqueſt had:
And now a ſlaughter, not a war was made.
The King from out his loftie Camp beheld
His ſlaughtred Souldiers bodies ſtrow the field,
Which late they ſtood upon; for ſcarce by flight
Were any ſaved; the Cæſarian ſpight
Purſu'd the conqueſt which they had obtain'd
With ſuch a furie, that the fields diſtain'd
All ore with bloud, might let th' Ægyptians ſee
How they before had fought unequally.

He views how few return'd, that news to tell,
Which he had seen, and knew too sadly well.
But to the Camp those, that escaped were
Brought nothing but astonishment and fear.
Th' incamped find in them no aid at all,
But see the greatness of their fellows fall:
Whom *Cæsar's* men so swiftly follow home,
That to the trenches, and out-works they come.
Cæsar, that never in his battels, held
A foe subdu'd, till from his Camp expell'd,
Exhorts his Souldiers to forget their pains
And freshly force the works, whil'st fear there reigns,
To end this war, and with the wealthie spoil
Of Ægypts King to recompence their toil.
Nor need the Souldiers be incouraged
To seek their wages for the bloud they shed.
They first invade that little neck of land
Which twixt the river and the lake did stand.
But that th' Ægyptian Souldiers most do guard;
When on the passage there begins a hard
And bloudie conflict; one side fight to make
Their conquest perfect, and the fruit to take:
T' other despair in stead of courage arms;
For vanquished they fear the worst of harms.
From either side the passage where they stood,
The lake and river are distain'd with bloud.
Down half dead bodies they precipitate,
Who drown'd in water taste a double fate.
There oft together, as they fighting stand,
Ægyptians and Cæsarians hand in hand
Do grappling fall into the crimson lake;
Nor there (alas) their enmitie forsake:
But weakly trie the combat out, where he
That conquers can no long survivour be.
Whilest on that side the Camp, both parties fought
So furiously, and all hands thither brought;
Cæsar perceived on the other side,
That seem'd enough by nature fortifi'd,
Where the ascent was craggie, steep, and hard
To climb, that *Ptolomey* had left no guard;

Or

Or thoſe that had been left, from thence were gone
To t' other ſide, as aid, or lookers on.
Thither his lighteſt cohorts he commands;
Bold *Curſulenus* leads thoſe active hands,
Who ſtraight, as *Cæſar* gave in charge to him,
With thoſe light-armed cohorts gins to climb
Th' aſcent ſo ſteep and hard, that to the foe
Did ſeem impregnable, but prov'd not ſo,
Brought on their ruin; death there enter'd in,
From whence with greateſt eaſe he might have been
Repel'd by them. But *Curſulenus* now
Entring th' Ægyptian Camp, with ſmall adoe
Kills or repels his few reſiſting foes,
Fear and diſtraction through the Camp aroſe.
The works, whileſt to and fro th' amazed run,
On every ſide by the Cæſarians won:
To whom for mercie now they ſue in vain,
Nor does the Generall their ſwords reſtrain;
But bids them kill, and in their ſlaughter free
The World from ſo much fraud and treacherie.
Part of th' Ægyptian Camp had been before
Romes legionarie Souldiers, and brought ore
Under *Gabinius*, there in Ægypt left
Were by her pleaſures ſoftned, and bereft
Of militarie vertue, and became
Degenerate ſtains unto the Roman name.
Like the Ægyptians they were grown to be
In manners, baſeneſs, fraud, and treacherie.
Not far from thence, unto the river ſide
A little veſſel by a rope was ti'd:
Whither the King in this tumultuous heat
Of fight, eſcaped from the Camp, doth get;
And now aboord, commands his ſlender train
With all their ſtrength to launch it forth amain.
His purple robe upon the ſhore he throws
To flie diſguis'd; but cruel Fate allows
No flight nor ſafetie to him; nought at all
Gains his diſguiſe but a Plebeian fall.
For lo the flying multitude eſpy'd
(That from the Camp preſt to the rivers ſide)

That

That bark, contending all to get aboord
To save themselves, respectless of their Lord.
He cries, the King is here, do not intrude;
There is no safetie for a multitude
In one small vessel; why should you destroy
(Losing your selves) the life of *Ptolomey?*
Though Fortune work my ruin, do not you
Murder your King, but *Cæsar's* men pursue:
Amazement stops their ears, and fear of sword
Had banish'd all allegiance to their Lord:
Till, the ore-laden vessel sinking down,
Themselves together with their King they drown.
Mixt with Plebeian deaths a Monarch lies
The royal race of th' ancient *Ptolomey's*
Under no covert but his Nile's cold waves,
No Pyramids, nor rich Mausolean graves,
Nor sacred Vaults, whose structures do excel:
As his fore-fathers ashes proudly dwell,
And dead, as living, do their wealth express
In sumptuous tombs as gorgeous Palaces.
Unhappie *Ptolomey*, how short a date
Have Fates allotted to thy kingly State?
No otherwise didst thou a Crown obtain
Than sacrifices, crowned to be slain.
Happier might'st thou have di'd, before thy reign
(Though short it were) had left that lasting stain
Of *Pompey's* death upon thy name, and shew'd
To future times thy foul ingratitude,
Depriving him of breath, that did before
Thy banish'd (*e*) Father to a Crown restore.
And now to that dead Roman worthies Tomb
Art thou enforc'd a Sacrifice to come
T' appease his Ghost, and offer'd up by him,
In whose behalf thou did'st that heinous crime.
Who chooses rather to revenge, than ow
To thee, so base a ruin of his foe.
Cæsar, possest of this great victorie,
By land, through Delta marches speedily
To Alexandria; but supposing there
How much the Citie his just wrath might fear,

He

He ſends before to comfort them, and free
Th' inhabitants from fear and jealouſie.
To be with joy receiued, he declares
That all his wrath is ended with his wars;
That he, as Romes Dictatour, would preſerve
Their lives and liberties, and ſtill reſerve
The Crown of *Ægypt* free, rightly to place
Upon the next of *Lagus* royall race.
And that no other now was his intent
Than to confirm (*f*) *Auletes* (*g*) Teſtament.

Annotations to the firſt Book.

(a) *Thus* Dion; Cæſar *believed that the Ægyptians had truly deſired peace, diſheartned with their deſigns not ſucceeding (for he had heard they were a people by nature timorous and unconſtant:) but howſoever their intentions were, he reſolved to grant their requeſt, leſt he ſhould ſeem to withſtand an offered peace; he ſends therefore their King to them; for by his preſence he knew there was no increaſe of ſtrength brought to them, conſidering his age and bad education: by this means he ſuppoſed he might afterwards conclude a peace with the Ægyptians upon his own terms, or find a juſt pretence of conquering the Countrey, and giving the Kingdom to* Cleopatra: *for he was not at all afraid of their ſtrength now, having received his armie out of Syria.* Dion. lib. 42.

(b) *The young King educated in falſe and deceitful diſciplines, that he might not ſeem to degenerate from the manners of his Nation, weeping intreated* Cæſar *that he would not ſend him from him; for injoying of a Kingdom could not be to him ſo pleaſant as the preſence of* Cæſar. Cæſar *moved with his tears comforted him, and promiſed if there were need ſhortly to viſite him; but* Ptolomey *at libertie, began immediatly to war againſt* Cæſar *with ſo fierce and eager deſire, that the tears which at the parting he ſhed, might ſeem to be tears of joy.* Hirt. Commen. de bello Alexan.

(c) *None of the Roman ſhips came at all to the ſuccour of* Euphranor, *either becauſe they durſt not partake of the danger,*

danger, or because they had a strong confidence in the great vertue, and extraordinarie felicitie of Euphranor, *which in all his other fights had ever attended him: so that he onely at that time behaved himself well, and perished alone with his victorious Galley.* Commen. de bello Alexan.

(d) *Of this town Canopus, and the Temple of* Serapis *there, thus* Strabo *speaks in his seventeenth book; Canopus distant from Alexandria an hundred and twenty furlongs by land, was so called from* Canopus Menelaus *his Master of his ship, who was buried there: in it is the Temple of* Sera, *is, with great devotion honoured among st them, insomuch as the Noblemen put great affiance in that god, and came thither to take dreams both for themselves and others: some of them have written of divers cures which have been there wrought, and many miracles in several kinds: but above all other things, wonderful is that number, who upon Festival times come down thither by the Lake from Alexandria: for night and day is that Lake full of boats, in which men and women with songs, and gestures of all manner of Lascivioufneſs do recreat themselves; and in Canopus it self, divers Inns there are upon the Lake side to entertain passengers with such levities and vain delights.* Strabo lib. 17.

(e) *This young King* Ptolomeus Dionysius *son to* Ptolomeus Auletes *the last of all the race of* Ptolomey's, *by the wicked counsel of his followers, as* Photinus *the Eunuch,* Achillas *Captain of the guard, and* Theodorus Chius *the Rhetorician, had unthankfully slain* Pompey *the great flying to him in his necessitie, who before had been the greatest means of restoring his father* Auletes *to the* Crown *of Aegypt.* Dion. Plutarch. Appion.

(f) Auletes Ptolomeus *the ninth* Ptolomey *from the son of* Lagus, *who after the death of* Alexander *the great possessed Aegypt, was a man (saith* Strabo) *of most dissolute and wicked manners, for which he was expelled his Kingdom by the people of* Alexandria; *who made the eldest of his three daughters Queen over them; his two sons being both infants had by this means lost all hope of succession in their fathers Kingdom: the Queen elected was married to one* Cybiosactes *of Syria, who derived his pedigree*

digree from the ancient Syrian Kings: but the Queen within few days ſtrangled her husband, not able to endure his ſordid and baſe nature; and married her ſelf to Archelaus, *who fained himſelf the ſon of* Mithridates Eupator; *but was indeed the ſon of that* Archelaus, *who had warred againſt* Sylla, *but was afterwards honoured by the Romans, and grandfather to him who reigned laſt in our times over Cappadocia: this* Archelaus *living then with* Gabinius, *whom he promiſed to aid in a war againſt the Parthians, was by ſome of his friends (unknown to* Gabinius*) brought unto the Queen, and declared King: at that time the baniſhed King* Ptolomeus Auletes *was fled to Rome, and there kindly entertained by* Pompey *the Great, and by him commended to the Senate:* Pompey *adviſed them to reſtore* Auletes *to his Kingdom and put to death theſe Embaſſadours that were come thither to plead againſt their Prince, of which Embaſſage* Dio *the Academian was chief.* Auletes *therefore brought back to his Kingdom by* Gabinius *overcame, and killed the Queen his daughter, and* Archelaus *his ſon in law; dying ſhortly after he left behind him two ſons and two daughters.* Strabo lib. 17.

(g) Ptolomeus Auletes *by his teſtament had willed (according to the inceſtuous cuſtom of that familie) that his eldeſt ſon* Ptolomey *ſhould marrie his eldeſt daughter* Cleopatra, *and with her enjoy the* Crown *of Egypt: the procuration of this teſtament was by him aſſigned to the people of Rome, which* Cæſar *as Dictator had power to execute.* Dion. lib. 42. Hirt. Commen. de bello Alexand.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK.

The Argument of the second Book.

Fair Cleopatra *is espous'd, and led*
A wife in name, to her young brothers bed:
Great Cæsar's *heart her tempting beauties fire,*
Who reaps the wanton fruit of his desire.
The scatter'd reliques of Pharsalia
Scipio *unites again in Africa.*
The strength of Varus there; each nations name,
That under Juba's *royal standard came.*
Cæsar *from Egypt 'gainst Pharnaces goes,*
And vanquishes, as soon as sees, his foes:
Erects a tropheé there; and crossing ore
More swift than thought, arrives on Libya's shore.

THe Alexandrian Citizens releast
From all their fears by *Cæsar's* pardon, feast
With joy; extol his goodness to the skies,
And to their gods devoutly sacrifice
With usual rites: Alas, you do not know
Fond Alexandrians, to whom you ow
Your Cities safetie; not tho'e deities,
That you with vain and barbarous mysteries
Adore, have wrought it; nor could all your Towrs,
Your stately Temples, Tombs of Conquerours,
Nor *Alexander's* bury'd dust, which more
Than your religion *Cæsar's* thoughts adore,
Prevail so much in purchasing his grace,
As beauties charms in *Cleopatra's* face.

It

It was the glance of her bewitching eyes
Had power to help your helpleſs deities:
Nor was it fit ſuch people, rites, and laws
Should ow their ſafetie to a better cauſe.
Great *Cleopatra* miſtreſs of the State,
To give the conquering author of her Fate
High entertainment, to his eye diſplays
Th' Ægyptian wealth in ſuch luxurious ways
As might excuſe even Rome, and make the riot
Of her degenerate Senate ſeem the diet
Which th' ancient *Curii*, and *Camillus* us'd
Not what her Asian victories infus'd.
The gorgeus Pallace with ſuch luſtre ſhone
As wealthie Kingdoms neer their ruin grown
Uſe to expreſs; which ſhew the preſent crimes,
And ſpeak the fortune of precedent times.
But *Cæſar's* eyes in all that wealthie ſtore,
Which he ſo lately had beheld before,
No pleaſure find, nor with delight views he
The golden roofs, nor precious imag'rie,
Rich Eben pillars, boords of Citron wood,
Which on their carved Ivorie treſſels ſtood:
Nor curious hangings do his eyes admire.
For *Cleopatra's* beautie, and attire
Did quite eclipſe all objects, and out-ſhone
All other ſplendours; on her looks alone
His eyes are fix'd; which, though beheld before,
The more he views, do raviſh him the more.
All other objects loſe at ſecond ſight;
But womans beautie breeds the more delight
The oftner ſeen: he views that ſnowie neck,
Thoſe golden treſſels, which no gems can deck.
The wealth, ſhe wore about her, ſeem'd to hide,
Not to adorn her native beauties pride. (ſhores,
Though there bright Pearls from th' Erythræan
From all th' Aſſyrian lakes, the wealthy ſtores
Of ſilver Ganges, and Hydaſpes ſhone;
From Ægypts Eaſtern Iles the gold-like ſtone,
And cheerful Emeraulds gather'd from the green
Arabian rocks were in full ſplendour ſeen.

Pale

Pale Onyx, Jaſpers of a various die,
And Diamonds darkned by her brighter eye.
The Saphires blew, by her more azure veins,
Hung not to boaſt, but to confeſs their ſtaines.
And bluſhing Rubies ſeem'd to loſe their die
When her more rubie lips were moving by.
It ſeem'd (ſo well became her what ſhe wore)
She had not robb'd at all the creatures ſtore,
But had been natures ſelf, there to have ſhow'd
What ſhe on creatures could, or had beſtow'd.
But *Cæſar's* heart enflamed long before
Burns with freſh furie, and reſolves no more
Now to conceal, but feed the pleaſing flame. (fame?
What power (quoth he) controuls my wiſh, what
What would the ſowreſt ſeeming virtue do
Arm'd with a power like me, and tempted ſo?
By ſuch a beautie as from guilt would free
A Raviſher, and make adulterie
No crime at all, but ſuch a piece of vice
As former times unto the Deities
Did oft impute; had *Cleopatra* been
By thoſe renowned Grecian writers ſeen,
Whoſe deathleſs Poems in the skies above
Have fix'd ſo many paramours of *Jove*;
Before the daughters of fair *Pleione*,
Atlanta, *Maia*, and *Taygete*, ſhe
Had there been grac'd: her Treſſes far more fair
Had ſhew'd in Heaven than *Berenices* hair.
Caliſtho's Wain had not in skies been ſet,
Nor *Ariadnes* ſhining Coronet,
Till *Cleopatra's* Star had found a place,
And choſe what part of Heaven ſhe meant to grace.
Let *Jove* my warrant be; whom powerful love
So oft has forc'd from Heaven; or let it prove
The Thunderers excuſe to future times
That *Cæſar* now partakes the Thunderers crimes.
There is no cauſe thou ſhould'ſt miſdoubt thy ſuit,
No waking Dragon keeps that golden fruit
Thou mean'ſt to taſte, nor need'ſt thou fear to find
That beautie guarded by too chaſt a mind.

Yet

Yet wanton love, and *Cupids* childish fires,
Which warm Plebeian hearts, and move desires
In rural Girles, and lowly Shepherds swains,
Aid not thy suit, Oh *Cæsar*. She disdains
That common cause should make her beautie yield
To thy embraces; her proud breast was fill'd
With higher thoughts; desire of Soveraigntie,
Aspiring hopes of State and Majestie
In *Cleopatra's* breast had now controll'd
All other passions; had her bloud been cold,
Yet when ambition pleaded on thy side,
Her chastitie had yielded to her pride.
That reason *Cæsar*, that did first subdue
Thy loyaltie to Rome, made thee embrue
Thy parricidal hands in her sad wounds,
And die with bloud Thessalia's guiltie grounds,
Proves now the self same cause that conquered
This Queen, and drew her to thy wanton bed.
Let not the guiltie greatness of thy mind
Be by vain men extoll'd; since here we find
A womans breast the same impressions move:
Ambitious pride, and soveraignties dire love
Alike in thee and *Cleopatra* plac'd,
Made thee disloyal prove, and her unchast.
Cæsar, lest Rome should judge he first did move
This war alone for *Cleopatra's* love,
To win for her, not for his Countries sake,
(For conquer'd Ægypt he intends to make
No (a) Roman province) and on th' other side
Too much suspecting that th' Ægyptians pride,
His bounteous favour would far less esteem
If that a woman wore their Diadem,
Whilest yet a male child liv'd of *Lagus* bloud;
Thus clears both doubts; to make the action good
One colour serves: young *Ptolomey*, whom he
Before had married to *Arsinoe*,
A child of eight years old, must now supply
The room of his dead brother *Ptolomey*,
And wear two shadows both of love and State,
Of Ægypts King, and *Cleopatra's* mate.

What

What more than names, poor boy, dost thou obtain?
As vain thy marriage is, as is thy reign,
And but in title nothing is thine own:
Cæsar thy bed possesses, she thy Crown.
Nor canst thou yet so much as rival prove
In *Cleopatra*'s reign, or *Cæsar*'s love.
Yet happie art thou that thy tender age
Cannot enjoy th' incestuous marriage:
For if the match for thee had been more fit,
Thou had'st contracted greater guilt from it,
And with fowl Incest stain'd a brothers name;
But whilest thou want'st the fruit, thou want'st the blame,
Now without care thou dost a Crown obtain,
And an Incestuous marriage without stain.

Now nights black mantle had the earth ore-spread,
And all the host of Stars in *Phœbus* stead
(Though with less light) adorn'd the spangled skie:
When *Cæsar* fil'd with love, and raised high
With *Mareo*'s sparkling wine, pursues his suit,
And soon obtains the wish'd and wanton fruit
Of his late wars and toils; his fame and glorie,
His power, and gifts the strongest oratorie
Had woo'd, and won the Queen to his delight,
Within whose arms he spends the wanton night.
Nor, *Cleopatra*, was't a crime in thee;
Th' incestuous custom of thy familie,
Where sisters, wives on brothers are bestow'd,
And mixture of the neerest names allow'd,
Makes this a vertuous love: thou had'st been led
With greater guilt to such a Nuptial bed;
And 't is thy fate, thy beautie cannot be
Better enjoy'd than by adulterie.

Yet from the burden of her fruitful womb
Both hers, and *Cæsar*'s, punishment shall come.
For young (*b*) *Cæsario*, whom their loves short joy
With adverse Fates begets (unhappie boy)
Untimely slain, shall be in future time
Augustus Cæsar's parricidal crime,
And *Cæsar*'s house with *Cæsar*'s bloud shall blot;
Thy guilt, *Augustus*, is that night begot,

Which

Which shall hereafter those rich triumphs stain,
Which thou from Ægypts conquest shalt obtain;
Unless that flatterie be taught for thee
To wrest all natures laws, and policie
Of State, together with the peace of Rome
Alleag'd to justifie thy bloudie doom.
Whilest *Cæsar* thus a wanton Conquerour
In Ægypt stays, the Senats scatter'd power,
And flying legions from Pharsalia
Scipio again unites in Affrica,
(c) Great *Pompey's* father in law, who now ore all
Is by consent elected General.
Stout *Labienus* most engag'd of all
In hate to *Cæsar*, (though against the Gaul
He under *Cæsar's* colours oft had fought)
Serves under him; and matchless *Cato* brought
By no engagement of a private cause,
But for his Countries libertie and laws.
(d) *Petreius* fully there takes arms again
'Gainst *Cæsar's* side, by *Cæsar* once in Spain
Pardon'd before; there Attius (e) Varus stands,
Who all the Roman Provinces commands
In Affrick, once proud Carthage feodars:
Who brings his Punick forces to the wars,
Subtle in warlike slights, with Targets light,
Short swords, and breasts unarm'd they use to fight:
And still in battel wear their Cassocks red
To hide the colour of the bloud they shed.
Drie Barces scorch'd, and ever-thirsting sands
Send men to Varus; there the warlike bands
Of hot Cyrene stand, the progenie
Of *Pelops* stain'd and tragick familie,
That from Mycena came; there th' Axans stood
Mixed of Libyan and Sicilian bloud;
And those of Tabraca, th' old Tyrians brood.
The men of Leptis, and at Hippo bred,
Where the Phœnicians first inhabited
When they to Affrick came; Hippo, whose site
Made it the ancient Libyan Kings delight.
And there in arms the men of Thapsus be.

That

That from the Latines draw their pedegree.
Juba to these his mightie armie brings,
Juba, the greatest of all Affricks Kings,
Who had already given a fatal blow
In *Curio's* sad and mortal overthrow
To *Cæsar's* side: No Lybian King alone
Commands so large and vast a region.
Th' extent of his dominion lies as far
As Thera's plains, and horned Ammon are
From Mauritania's tartheſt Western lands,
Where neer the Gades heaven-propping *Atlas* stands.
With whom to war so many nations went
Of manners, rites, and habits different;
Fierce Mauritanians, which derive their race
From th' ancient Medes, who peopled first the place.
The Nasamonians ever bare and poor
Till wracks at Sea enrich their fatal shore
With mankinds ruin; the scorch'd swarthy bands
Of Garamantians, on whose barren sands
No shadie trees ere spred, no flocks do feed,
Nor ought but serpents, and dire monsters breed.
With these Marmarians march, whom nature makes
As antidotes against those mortal Snakes.
Then march the vagrant bold Numidians
On well-rein'd Steeds; and light Massylians,
Who evermore their Horses bitless ride;
And them alone with slender wands can guide.
The strong Getulians, that no dwellings know,
But with their heards do wander too and fro;
That in no sports but dangerous delight;
And singly dare with raging Lions fight.
The light Autololes, whose winged speed,
In running far out-strips the swiftest Steed,
Equals the winds themselves, and as they pass,
Scarce bend the standing corn, or slender grass.
The cole-black Mibian next, upon whose brow
And curled-locks the scorching Sun doth show
His lasting Tyrannie; who to the war
Does lightly go, his breast and body bare,
And never iron nor brass armour wears;

Great

Great linnen Turbants on his head he bears
In ſtead of helms: his arrows mortal points
With venom'd juyce he treacherouſly annoints.
Shaggie Cyniphians too were armed there
Who Goats rough skins upon their ſhoulders wear,
Their beards are grown and horrid: near to theſe
With painted ſhields the Adyrmachides
Arm'd on the left ſide onely, not the right;
And ſwords, like ſickles crook'd they uſe in fight.
Of diet courſe and rude; their meat upon
The ſands is roaſted by the ſcorching Sun.
Beſides the troups that were from Vaga ſent,
That from Ruſpina and fair Zamah went.
From all theſe ſeveral places *Juba* draws
A royal Armie t' aid the Senates cauſe,
Joyning himſelf with Roman *Scipio*.
With all theſe forces they intend to go
When firſt the ſpring her verdant face ſhall ſhow,
And comfortable gales of Zephyre blow,
T' invade their native Countrey, and ſet free
Subjected Rome from *Ceſar's* Tyrannie:
And this their great deſign from the event
Of old examples found encouragement.
Since ſad experiences did often ſhew
Romes ſtrength, neer Rome, 't was eaſieſt to ſubdue
They knew the barbarous Cimbrian, furious Gaul,
The force of Carthage led by *Hannibal*
Beat off in forren parts by Roman powers,
In Italie prov'd eatie Conquerours.
With theſe they ſadly call to mind how ſoon
Cinna, *Sertorius*, *Carbo*, *Marius* won
Rome by ſurpriſe, though beat in forren land.
With eaſe by *Sylla*, and great *Pompey's* hands.
And laſt of all, when this ſad war begun,
And *Ceſar* firſt had croſſed Rubicon,
Pompey without one conflict fled away,
And Rome to him became an eaſie prey.
But *Ceſar's* fortune fruſtrates their intents;
His wonted ſpeed and ſtrange ſucceſs prevents
Their expedition; and, as every where

He

He had before, so plac'd th' assailant here.
Too soon, alas, shall you in Affrick see
Whom you intend to seek in Italie.
But *Cæsar* plung'd in *Ægypts* soft delights
Insnar'd by beautie, and the charming slights
Of *Cleopatra*, could almost forget
How many armed foes, and forces, yet
Oppose his growing fortunes, and remain
Threatning the height of his usurped reign.
As when *Alcides* with ill fate had seen
The tempting beauties of th' Oechalian Queen,
His brawny shoulders straight forget to wear
The lions skin, his awful hand to bear
The monster-taming club; from his rough head
The poplar garland falls; no tyrants dread
That world-avenging strength; which had well nigh
Been sunk into a tameless lethargie.
And *Juno's* hopes of great *Alcides* fall
A womans beautie further'd more than all (vent,
Those monstrous plagues, which she had power, t' in-
Or could from air, earth, seas, or hell be sent.
But Fortune finds alarums to awake
The soul of *Cæsar* from this dream, and make
Compleat for him the work she had begun,
Whither she hasten'd Romes sad ruin on;
Or rather blush'd such liberties and laws,
Should ow their safetie to so base a cause
As *Cæsar's* sloth; and judg'd it better far
Than keep it so, to lose it by a war:
That war alone, which built up Romes high reign,
Should now have power to ruin her again.
Nor were the Fates pleas'd that the wanton love
Of *Cleopatra* should more helpful prove
To Romes affairs, than all those just-drawn swords,
Which once Thessalia, Libya now affords.
Yet was it now no strength, no arms of Rome,
No part of Civil war drew *Cæsar* from
Ægypts delights; (*s*) *Pharnaces* feeble power
Provok'd him first to make him Conquerour
Of greater forces than his own; as when

A sleeping Lion's couched in his den,
The horned heards securely graze along
The verdant pastures; till that Lion stung
By some presumtuous little Gnat awake,
And wanting there his full revenge, doth make
Those cattel feel his wrath; whose lives anon
Do rue the little Gnat's presumption.
This false *Pharnaces*, who from *Pompey's* hand
Receiv'd (as price of parricide) the land
Of rich Cimmerian Bosphorus, was son
To *Mithridates*, whose fear'd power had won
From *Nicomedes* his Bithynia,
Conquer'd Armenia, Cappadocia,
And wealthyest Grecian Iles, whose swelling fame
Began to rival Romes victorious name,
And long withstood her growing Fate; at last
By *Pompey's* force from all his Kingdoms chac'd;
He fell by treason, to increase the shame
Of his false son, and lessen *Pompey's* fame.
Pharnaces now with vain ambition swell'd,
Deceiv'd by flattering hopes, when he beheld
Romes broils, and saw how her divided bands
Against themselves imploy'd their conquering hands,
Sought to regain what once his father had,
And 'gan the Roman provinces invade:
In Asia minor, (his first enterprise
Fortune beholding with propitious eys)
Domitius fall, who with ill Fate imploy'd
The swords of *Cæsar*, rais'd his boasting pride.
Nicopolis, whose lottie walls were there
Founded as *Pompey's* Trophees, still to bear
Name of his Conquest, and the place to show
Of *Mithridates* final overthrow,
Beheld the slaughter of *Domitius* hosts
A parentation to the Pontick ghosts.
Nine times had *Cynthia* now restor'd again
Light to her waned horns, when *Cæsar* chain'd
In *Cleopatra's* wanton arms, had stay'd
On Ægypts coast; her swelling womb display'd
At last th' effect of an adulterous bed,

Whom

Whom *Cæsar* thus departing comforted.
Fair Queen, sole mistress of thy *Cæsar's* State,
The fate of him that rules all other fate,
Pharnaces cruel to himself and me,
With his own ruin parts our companie.
His treasons, Love, now call my vengeful steel;
Do not thou grieve; the conquer'd foes shall feel
Our parting grief, and in their slaughter see
With how much anger *Cæsar* goes from thee.
But that poor King dares not my force withstand;
He onely draws me from this happie land,
To make a journey rather than a war,
For he at first will flie, and eatier far
May I obtain a conquest than a fight:
His dastard troups my name alone shall fright,
And eatie triumph comes; but I from thee
Go griev'd to triumphs, sad to victorie.
From thee, whose eys make *Ægypts* swarthie face
Brighter than that white path the gods do trace:
Without whose light no land breeds my content,
And Rome it self to me is banishment.
But Fate to us far greater conquests ows:
How much, alas, would *Cleopatra* lose
If *Cæsar* stay'd at home? we have not yet
Fully attain'd that world-commanding height,
That must enthrone thy beautie in a State
High as it self, for all to wonder at
Like some new Constellation: those that ne'r
Th' Antartick pole, ne'r see the Northren Bear
Descend into the Ocean; those that lie
(Enduring winters lasting tyrannie)
Under the frozen wain, and lose the sight
Of bright Canopus, whose desired light
Cheers this Horizon still, shall both adore
Fair *Cleopatra's* name; the farthest shore
That *Peleus* silver-footed wife doth know
Shall honour thee; even Rome her self shall bow,
And with her Eagles shall thy State maintain,
Whilest Kings do wait on *Cleopatra's* train.
For such effects, fair Queen, (if *Cæsar* know

His fate aright) ſhall this our parting now
Return to thee when I in triumph come:
By this dear part of *Ceſar*, which thy womb
Encloſes here, thou ſhalt engage our ſpeed:
Therefore farewell; we muſt purſue in deed
Our conſultations ſwiftly as we thought.
But *Cleopatra*, whom loves Queen had taught
All winning wiles; and bleſt with ſuch a face
As tears became, and griefe it ſelf did grace,
Thus with a ſeeming griefe, and tears replies:
I dare not hope to change the Fates, or prize
My worthleſs prayers at ſo high a rate,
As to have power to change at all the State
Of *Ceſar*'s great reſolves, on which depend
All nations Fates, and all the Stars attend.
If by their prayers frail Mortalitie
Should hope to alter what the gods decree,
'T were a proud pietie. I'le rather loſe
My ſuit, and check my love, than interpoſe
It ſo; and rather to my ſelf denie
The happineſs of *Ceſar*'s companie,
Than love it with ſo great preſumption,
As, for mine own delights, to hinder one
Of his reſolves; yet pardon, mightie Lord,
If to mine own deſires I do afford
One place in love: cannot Great *Ceſar* thrive
In theſe his wars, if *Cleopatra* live
Neer to his perſon? Can it overthrow
His fortune to procure my ſafetie ſo?
There 's no retreat in all the world for me,
So ſafe as thy victorious Camp will be.
But I am pleas'd to ſtay at thy command
In Ægypt ſtill, and ſtill ſuppoſe this land
Within Great *Ceſar*'s reach; whoſe powerful hands
From ſilver Ganges to the Bætick ſands,
From Pole to Pole extend their conquering force:
No diſtances of place can long divorce
Us two, if *Ceſar* in his love can be
As ſpeedie as in war and victorie,
And march as far to find his friends as foes:

This pledge, which I within my self incloſe,
Aſſures my longing mind againſt delay,
That *Cæſar* long will not protract his ſtay.
Then with a kiſs he bad the Queen adieu;
And wing'd with haſte into Armenia flew
Swifter than lightning, or the Southern wind
Along through Liby as yielding air, to find
Pharnaces out; whom he (paſt thought) ore took
Neer Zela walls, and vanquiſh'd with a look.
Soon beat, he left behind him nought at all
That might deſerve a mention, but his fall:
Nor can there ought of this ſhort war be ſaid
But *Cæſar* (*e*) came, and ſaw, and vanquiſhed.
How much did *Pompey's* honour ſuffer there,
When *Cæſar's* troups beheld that nations fear?
And ſaw how eaſie 't was to conquer them?
How undeſerv'd did his great triumph ſeem
Ore Pontus and Armenia? More was loſt
Than poor *Pharnaces* Crown, and feeble hoſt;
The fame of *Pompey* was orethrown that day,
When *Cæſar* boaſting could find cauſe to ſay;
Oh *Pompey*; happie thou, that by defeat
Of theſe baſe nations, got'ſt the name of Great;
Whileſt I ſubduing the fierce Gaules, deſerv'd
No name, enjoy'd no triumph: had'ſt thou ſerv'd
Beyond the frozen Alps, or paſt the bound
Of Rhenes ſwift ſtream, the big-bon'd Germãs found,
A diference 't wixt our acts thou then had'ſt ſeen;
Our civil wars perchance had never been.
Yet ere that he from thence to Affrick paſs,
Though haſte important urge him, in the place
A ſtately Trophee he erects to ſhow
To future times *Pharnaces* overthrow,
Not far from that proud Trophee, which before
Great *Mithridates* for his Conqueſt ore
Triarius, had erected: that this ſtorie
Might quite eclipſe old *Mithridates* glorie,
Or pleaſe his Manes, that the field there won
Took puniſhment of his unnatural ſon.
But greater wars call *Cæſar* thence away;

Scipio not far from Adrumetum lay
With all the power of Rome, but did not (*b*) now
Since Winters furie rag'd, expect a foe.
For *Phœbus* lamp, to our Horizon low,
The ſhorteſt days, and coldeſt did beſtow
From *Capricorn*, cold Winter glaz'd the flouds,
And purl'd with froſt the fields and naked woods.
But *Cæſar's* heart, admitting no delay,
Whoſe ſpeedie march no ſeaſon ere could ſtay,
When he his third Dictatorſhip at Rome
Had tane, and thence to Sicilie was come,
Leſt any time ſhould to his fame be loſt,
Even then the Seas from Lilybæum croſt.
And ſailing by the Libyan ſhores, eſpies
Great Carthages half-ruin'd edifice;
And Clupeas fatal ſtation paſſes by
With grief remembring how unhappily
Bold *Curio* there did with his legions land,
A woful prey to *Juba's* barbarous band.
Then from this ominous place he ſayls away
Weſtward along; and leaving Utica
(Where *Cato* then in Garriſon did lie;
Cato the ſoul of Roman libertie,
Who from that Town muſt ſhortly take a name,
And leave the Town, in lieu, eternal fame)
At Adrumetum lands; upon which coaſt
Scipio encamps with all his Roman hoaſt.

Annotations to the ſecond Book.

(a) Dion *relates it thus*; Cæſar *having ſubdu'd Ægypt, would not ſubject it, as a Province to the people of Rome, but beſtowed it wholly upon* Cleopatra, *for whoſe ſake he had made the whole war in Ægypt*; *yet fearing leſt the Ægyptians under the reign of a woman would rebel again, and that he might perchance alienate the hearts of the Romans from himſelf by reaſon of this, and the familiaritie, which he was known to have with* Cleopatra, *he gave her in marriage to her younger brother, and confirmed the Kingdom to them both*; *which was indeed but a ſhow, for* Cleopatra *wholly poſſeſſed the power*; *her husband being a child therefore under a pretext of marriage, by which ſhe ſhould joyn with her brother in the Kingdom, ſhe both*

reigned alone, and enjoyed the bed of Cæſar. Dion lib. 42.

(b) *This* Cæſario, *both* Dion *and* Plutarch *report to be the ſon of* Julius Cæſar *by* Cleopatra, *when after the Alexandrian war, and before his expedition againſt King* Pharnaces, *he ſtayed in Ægypt (according to* Dion*) nine monthes: after the victory of* Auguſtus Cæſar *againſt* Marcus Antonius *and* Cleopatra, *this* Cæſario *being ſent away for ſafety into Æthiopia (ſaith* Dion.*) was intercepted in the journey and ſlain by* Cæſar's *command: the reaſons that moved* Auguſtus *to this cruelty, were partly the counſel (according to* Plutarch*) of* Arius *the Philoſopher, his Tutor, who told him it was not ſafe to ſuffer too many* Cæſars: *partly the Remembrance of what* Antonius *had done, who before had commended this* Cæſario *to the old Souldiers, adviſing them rather to honour the true and natural ſonne of* Julius Cæſar, *than* Octavius *who was but an adopted heir.*

(c) Scipio *was choſen General of all the Roman forces in Affrica that meant to continue the war againſt* Cæſar, *partly by reaſon of his dignity, and partly by an abſurd perſwaſion (ſaith* Dion*) that no* Scipio *in Affrick could be unfortunate: which thing when* Cæſar *perceived might encourage the enemy, and diſcearten his Souldiers, he took along with him a certain obſcure man deſcended of the race of the* Scipio's, *and of that name (but his ſurname was* Salatio*) and with him to thwart the other ſuperſtitious ſort, he landed at Adrumetum before the enemy expected him, it being then an unſeaſonable time of the year.* Dio. l. 43.

(d) Varus *had governed ſo long theſe countries, and was ſo puffed up by the victory of* Juba (*ſaith* Dion) *that he contended with* Scipio *himſelf for the chief command; but by the authority of* Cato *it was ſwayed on* Scipio's *ſide.* Cato, *when all the Souldiers offered to him the chief command, or at leaſt to be joyned General with* Scipio, *refuſed both; accounting it juſt that he which by the lawes had attained the higheſt dignity, ſhould have now the greateſt command; but he himſelf had never attained to ſo much dignity in Rome as* Scipio; *to him therefore of his own accord he yeelded place, and gave him alſo that army which he had brought into Affrik.* Dion lib. 43.

(e) Petreius

(e) Petreius *had before been vanquished by* Cæsar *in Spain.* Lucan. lib. 4. *He was then pardoned and set free upon oath never to war against* Cæsar *again; which oath here he violated.*

(f) Cleopatra (*saith* Dion) *had stayed* Cæsar *longer in Ægypt or else accompanied him to Rome, if* Pharnaces *had not been the hindrance: this* Pharnaces *the son of great* Mithridates *was King of Bosphorus Cimmerius; but moved with an ambitious desire of recovering all his fathers Kingdom, while Rome was intangled in civil war, he had rebelled: and during the time of the civil and Ægyptian wars had with small aide subdued Colchis, and all Armenia in the absence of* Deiotarus, *besides many Cities of Cappadocia, Pontus, and Bithynia.* Cæsar *busied then in the affairs of Ægypt, and hoping to subdue* Pharnaces *by a Lieutenants hand, sends* Domitius Calvinus *to that war, commanding him to take the regencie of Asia, and of those armies which he found there.* Domitius *joyning the Kings* Deiotarus *and* Ariobarzanes *to him, marches directly against* Pharnaces, *who was then at Nicopolis, where in fight* Domitius *was vanquished.* Dion. lib. 42.

(g) *These three words* Veni, vidi, vici, *did afterward in* Cæsar's *triumph express his sudden Conquest of* Pharnaces, *and that then he uttered such a speech concerning* Pompey, Appian *is my Authoritie.*

(h) Cæsar *in the midst of Winter sailed into Affrica; by which speed of his (saith* Dion) *in comming unawares upon his enemies, he had often prospered in his greatest affairs: nor was there any other so great reason, why* Cæsar *so much excelled all other Generals of these times, as his wonderful speed in all expeditions.* Dion. lib. 42.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE

THE THIRD BOOK.

The Argument of the third Book.

Juba *from* Scipio *to his Kingdom goes.*
Cæsar *escapes the ambush of the foes,*
And till th' arrival of his full supplies
Himself within Rhuspina fortifies.
Sage Cato's *counsel to great* Pompey's *son.*
Juba's *return; the whole war meets upon*
Uzzita's plains, and is remov'd from thence
To Thapsus fatal fields: what dire ostents
Forego the battel; Cæsar's *victorie,*
To several coasts the vanquish'd Princes flie.

NOw neer this mightie war
began to draw:
Those blood-stain'd swords,
which dire Pharsalia saw,
With no less guilt in Libya meet again,
To draw that little bloud that did remain
In Romes afflicted State: Why did you spare
It then, oh gods, to make a second war?
Was it cause one, though ne'r so great a blow,
The Roman Empire could not overthrow?
Or must moe lands behold her fall? moe grounds
Drink in the bloud of her unnatural wounds?
Or must this second war declare to all
The State subsisted after *Pompey's* fall,
And once again her freedom might have seen
Had *Cæsar's* war alone 'gainst *Pompey* been.
Rome now in Affrick is; those scorched grounds
That once her Conquest saw, now see her wounds.
Where once the *Scipios* with triumphant Fate
Advanc'd her Eagles 'gainst a rival State;

This *Scipio* now, inſtead of barbarous foes,
In Romes behalf gainſt Romes Dictator goes.
But Fate a while, content with meaner play,
Reſpits the tryal of ſo great a day.
So many lives as there reſolv'd were met,
Muſt not be thrown into the hazard yet.
Nor muſt ſad *Thapſus* give the Fatal blow
Of *Juba's* fall, and *Scipio's* overthrow,
Until Rhuſpina, and Uzzita's Walls
Have felt the force of both the Generals,
And other parts of Affrick have beheld,
Some bloody prologues to ſo great a field.
Fortune a while from helping *Scipio*,
Diverts King *Juba's* ſtrength, inforc'd to go
With ſpeedy marches to his Kingdomes aid;
Which (a) *Sittius* now and *Bocchus* did invade.
And *Cæſar's* troops remaining on the ſhore
Of Cicily, himſelf had croſſed ore
Into a land poſſeſſed by his foes,
With one weak new-fill'd legion; nor to thoſe
That ſtay'd behind, could he appoint the port
Where they ſhould land, or whither to reſort,
(As he in former wars had ever done)
Committing all to Fortunes rule alone.
So much on her protection he rely'd;
Nor had ſhe ever fail'd his greateſt need.
Could it not ſeem to thine ambitious thought
Cæſar, enough, that Fortune ever wrought
Th' accompliſhment of all thy higheſt hopes,
When er'e in field inviron'd with thy troops,
Thou fought'ſt againſt thy greateſt foes; but the
Without an army too muſt ſuccour thee?
And all thy raſh adventures rectifie?
Was not thy ſcape from Ægypts treachery,
Thy ſafe arrival on Brundusium's ſhore,
(The ſtormy Seas ſo boldly ventur'd or'e
From Greece by night) enough for her to do?
How oft ſhall Fortune more her favour ſhow
From private dangers in protecting thee,
Than in beſtowing th' earths ſole Monarchy.

From

From Adrumetum, where in Garriſon
Conſidius lay, whoſe truth could not be won
From *Scipio's* ſide, does *Cæſar* march away
With his ſmall army, but in fair array.
Since now his higheſt hopes were not to get
The town, but thence in ſafety to retreat.
Nor was that granted him, *Conſidius* horſe
With furious ſallies oft moleſt his courſe,
And vex his armies rear: t' encounter thoſe
Aſſaults, does *Cæſar* in the rear diſpoſe
The ableſt men, and marching ſlowly on
Safe to Rhuſpina brings his legion.
Nor did that act of war, though ſeeming ſmall
But well become ſo great a General.
From thence removing, Leptis him receives,
In which a little Garriſon he leaves,
And to Rhuſpina marches back again;
That only town in Affrick did remaine
A ſafe retreat for *Cæſar's* feeble power:
Nor thither then, unleſs a Conqueror
Could he arrive; danger beſet the way.
Fierce *Labienus* and *Pacidius* lay
In ambuſh there: in which, though timely ſpi'd,
Was *Cæſar's* skill and Fortune wholly try'd.
He breaks with Conqueſt through the adverſe troops
Fortune but mocking *Labienus* hopes.
Who now with loſs forſakes the field, and bears
To Adrumetum his hurt Souldiers.
Cæſar returning with his little band
Unto Rhuſpina, takes a work in hand
Of wondrous toil, (ſince now reſolv'd no more
To march from thence, till on the Libyan ſhore
His legions all arrive; whom every day
Chiding the Winds, and Fortune for their ſtay,
His eager thoughts expect) two trenches down
To the Sea-ſhore he draws, one from the Town,
Another from his Camp; on either ſide
With ſharpned ſtakes, and engines fortifi'd
So well, as that, without the Garriſon
They might by land ſecure both Camp and Town,

And make the ſhore between at his diſpoſe:
But there inclos'd by his inſulting foes
(For *Scipio* now with his great ſtrength drew nigh)
He pays, in wants, for that ſecuritie.
Nor can his men from out their Trenches go
To fetch proviſion in by land; the foe
Cuts off all paſſage there; and in diſdain
Of *Cæſar's* weakneſs, on the ſpatious p'ain
Scipio oft ſets his Battels in atray,
Who 'mongſt themſelves in wanton skirmiſh play,
And exerciſe their Elephants, in ſight
Of *Cæſar's* trenches, and unuſual fight
In Roman armies; thoſe beaſts ne're had been
Till *Pyrrhus* warr'd with Rome, by Romans ſeen;
Nor ere in Triumph to the people ſhown,
Till the Dictator *Curius* had orethrown
The Samnites, Sabines, and King *Pyrrhus* power:
The like *Metellus* Cretes fam'd Conquerour,
From his Sicilian Victorie did bring,
And *Pompey's* Triumph ore Numidia's King.
Uncertain aids in war they ever prove,
And with like danger to both armies move,
As well their own annoying as the foes,
Fitter for other labours (ſure) than thoſe;
Nor, though their ſtrength be wondrous, for that end
Did prudent Nature thoſe great beaſts intend.
The Nabathæan lands, where they are bred,
Are recompens'd with thoſe rich teeth they ſhed.
Through all the world a wealthie merchandiſe,
Which on their deaths oft ſets a greedy price.
But greater far the Eaſtern countrey yields
Than thoſe within the Mauritanian fields,
And far more fierce; ſuch as in India
Great *Alexander's* frighted Souldiers ſaw.
These mightie beaſts, as they in bulk exceed
And paſs in ſtrength all other far, that feed
On earths vaſt boſom, do as far excel
(If ancient authors have obſerved well)
In apprehenſion, and large faculties
Of ſoul; 'mongſt beaſts they onely exerciſe

Thoſe

Thoſe qualities (or like to them) which we
In men ſtile virtues; perfect equitie
They keep, and laws of juſtice have in uſe;
To which all moral virtues we reduce.
Nor are theſe creatures thought by ſome to be
Quite void of th' intellectual facultie.
But that they can diſcern and underſtand
The language ſpoken in their native land;
And might diſcourſe, if to ſo ſtrange a wit
Nature had pleas'd to lend them organs fit:
Not ſpeak as Crows and Parrats oft have done
By imitation of a ſound alone.
If we ſo much to Elephants ſhould give,
Why ſhould we call them creatures ſenſitive?
We muſt extend the facultie of ſenſe
To larger bounds; and put leſs difference
Twixt that and reaſon; or betwixt the two
Find out a middle region to beſtow
Their knowledge in; as to ſome things that live
We place 'twixt ſenſe and vegetation give.
But in a higher kind (as ſome relate)
Do Elephants with men communicate.
(If you believe it) a religion
They have, and monethly do adore the Moon.
Beſide the loftie Nabathæan wood
Of vaſt extent, Amylo's gentle floud
Gliding along, the faudie mould combines:
Thither, as oft as wexing *Cynthia* ſhines
In her firſt borrowed light, from out the wood
Come all the Elephants, and in the floud
Waſhing themſelves (as if to purifie)
They proſtrate fall; and when religiouſly
They have ador'd the Moon, return again
Into the woods with joy. Nor half ſo vain
Is this devotion which theſe beaſts preſent,
As that which men more brutiſhly invent;
Nor (as the mad Ægyptians us'd) do they
To Dogs and Snakes, and vileſt creatures pray,
Nor to the ſenſeleſs Leeks and Onyons bow,
Such gods as yearly in their Gardens grow;

Nor

Nor yet to wood or ſtone devotion doe,
More ſenſeleſs than the ſtones they bow unto;
A far more glorious creature they adore.
Should this be true of Elephants; far more
Wiſe in Religion are thoſe beaſts than men:
But if that this a fiction be, why then
Did mens invention fain a beaſt to be
Wiſer, than are themſelves in Pietie?
While at Rhuſpina both the Generals
Encamped reſt; in Utica's ſtrong walls
Cato remains with *Pompey's* eldeſt (*b*) ſon,
Whom thus ſage *Cato* ſharply ſets upon:
Awake young man, and now in time redeem
Thy youth from ſloath-bred ſcorn; from diſeſteem
Go vindicate the name of *Pompey* now:
Go try all Kingdomes, ſearch all Seas to know
How great thy father was; what Fame he wonn,
How ſtrong he leaves thee in thy name alone:
Try if the Seas, which his brave hand did free
From Pyrats, can deny a fleet to thee.
That ſtock of glory which thy Father wonn,
And left behind for thee to ſpend upon,
Arms thee with ſtrength enough (though nought beſide
So good a cauſe could lend) 'gainſt *Cæſar's* pride.
Go try the fartheſt Weſt, ſollicite Spain;
The name of *Pompey* is enough to gain
Thoſe Nations to thy ſide: if nought at all
Thy groaning Countries ſuffrings, nor the fall
Of Roman Liberty affect thy mind:
Although thou could'ſt endure a Lord, and find
Content in ſerving, yet the wrongs which thou
Alone from *Cæſar* ſuffreſt, were enow
To rouz thy ſpirits, and ſtir thine enmity.
If thy great Father for Romes Liberty
And Laws alone fought in Pharſalia,
As great a Fortune did'ſt thou loſe that day
As on a private Citizen could light:
But if thy Father for himſelf did fight;
Thy loſs was more, and *Cæſar* then from thee
By Conqueſt took the worlds ſole Monarchy.

But

But would'ſt thou know the true inheritance
Which he did dying leave thee, to advance
The name of *Pompey*; which may ever be
Thine own, in ſpight of *Ceſar's* enmity,
Which honor bids thee claim, and Rome now needs?
The imitation of his noble deeds
Is thine inheritance: 'twas his brave Fate,
When great bad men had ſeiz'd th' afflicted State,
When *Marius's* faction did the walls invade,
And Rome it ſelf a ſlaughter-houſe was made,
To ſave his Country bleeding then, as now,
And not ſo much in debt to years as thou.
When he no honours yet, no titles had,
No power at all but what his Vertue made,
He rais'd an army, reſcu'd Italy.
By him did *Carbo* in Sicilia dye;
By him did Spain behold *Sertorius* fall:
And then in triumph to the Capitoll
He, but a gentleman of Rome did bring
Hyempſal vanquiſh'd the Numidian King.
All this before he had attain'd unto
Thy age, young *Pompey*, did thy father do;
Which to his future greatneſs made the way,
And ſleep'ſt thou here? What help in Affrica
Lend'ſt thou to Rome more than one private hand?
Go gather Forces in another land;
Repair the ruins of thy houſe, or die
Great as thy birth hath made thee. No reply
Young *Pompey* made at all; but, as if from
Some Sacred Oracle the ſpeech had come,
Or Romes own voice from *Cato's* breſt had ſpoke,
His modeſty obey'd, and ſtraitway took
A long (*c*) farewel, never to meet again,
But find a Tomb in Europ, and to Spain
Carry as great a part of Romes ſad wounds
As dire Theſſalia's blood-diſtained grounds,
Or fatal Thapſus ſaw. Though deſtiny
Have not allotted, brave young man, to thee
So great and long a race of happineſs
As to thy Father, yet thy fall no leſs

Than

Than his ſhall be in weight, nor ſhall the field
Of fatal Munda to Pharſalia yield.
Ceſar ſupply'd with ſtrength from Sicilie
Marches away, to take and fortifie
Thoſe loftie Hills (in ſpight of enemies)
Which from the champian, neer Uzzita, riſe:
Which Hills he takes and fortifies with eaſe:
Though *Labienus* vain-lay'd ambuſhes
To their own ruin did moleſt his way,
By *Ceſar's* Scouts diſcover'd where they lay
Too ſoon; and ſo by changed Fate, call'd on
In ſtead of his, their own deſtruction.
So a Getulian Lion when beſet
By weak-arm'd Hunters, whoſe vain force doth whet
Not daunt his courage, with collected ire
Breaks through, and makes his wounded foes retire:
His ſeeming danger nought but anger moves,
And fatal onely to the Hunters proves.
Juba return'd and joyn'd with *Scipio*,
With all their forces to Uzzita go:
Now the whole war was met; Uzzita's walls
Beheld the Camps of both Romes Generals.
Thrice there did *Scipio* his whole ſtrength diſplay;
Thrice *Ceſar* ſet his battels in array
Eager of fight; and thrice provok'd his foe,
To trial of the day; but *Scipio*
Would not th' advantage of the place forſake.
Nor did the Deſtinies intend to make
Uzzita guiltie of ſo great a ſtain,
Which did for Thapſus fatal fields remain.
Whither, diſlodging from his Camp by night
(When *Scipio* could not be provok'd to fight)
With proſperous Omen, *Ceſar* marches on:
There then *Virgilius* lay in Garriſon,
Faithful to *Scipio* and the Senates ſide,
The place by Nature ſtrongly fortifi'd.
Scipio and *Juba* follow, though the air
Gave ſad preſages of the future war,
The earth and Skies the like; his mourning face
The Sun with clouds obſcured: in whoſe place

Ruin

Ruin portending Comets did diſplay
Their blazing Lamps, and made a diſmal day:
And lightning through th' uncertain air gave light
More full of horrour than the ſhades of night.
The thunders voice was heard there where the air
From clouds was free; and th' horrid noiſe of war
From thence reſounded: Helms of Braſs did ſweat,
Some Piles and Swords did melt; nor could they get
By ſtrength their heavie Standards from the ground:
Which ſwarms of Bees oreſpread; a hollow ſound
Of Lions ſadly murmuring was heard
About the Camp: the Mountains all appear'd
To move, which did about Uzzita ſtand.
And from the fartheſt part of Libyan land
The Mauritanian *Atlas* ſeem'd to ſhake
His skie-ſupporting top: Birds ſeem'd to take
Unuſual flights; ſad entrails did appear,
And fill'd the ſacrificing Prieſts with fear:
Nor mean the gods, when theſe portents they ſhow,
To teach frail mortals to prevent the woe,
But fear it onely. The unhappie troups
To Thapſus march diſtraught 'twixt fears and hopes,
Where this great war ſhall ſhortly find an end,
On which ſo many ruins do depend.

The Libyan Thapſus a Sea-bordering Town,
An Iſle almoſt by ſituation,
Is by that Sea, which Affrick doth divide
From Sicilie, environ'd at one ſide;
The other ſide a ſpatious fen oreflows,
Guarding that part from all approch of foes:
Betwixt the Sea, and that great fen, doth ſtand
(The onely paſſage to the Town by land)
A little Iſthmos, which (although not wide)
A ſtanding lake doth in the mid'ſt divide,
And makes two narrow paſſages of one:
Within theſe ſtraits, not far from Thapſus Towne
Ceſar is enter'd now with all his troups,
And with ſtrong works; & deep-digg'd trenches ſtops
All means of ſallies from the Town, that might
Perchance infeſt his armies rere in fight.

Sci-

Scipio encamp'd there where the Iſthmos ends
Within the continent, with ſpeed intends
To draw a trench down to the ſhore, and ſo
Within that neck of land ſhut up the foe:
But till the work be perfected, to hide
What he intends, or battel to abide,
In fair array he marſhals all his bands:
Himſelf with his Italian legions ſtands
In the mid battel; *Juba's* legions
Mixt of ſo many ſeveral Nations
Make the right battel; on the left doth ſtand
Stout *Labienus* with a warlike band
Of Gaules, which he had from Brunduſium led,
And German troops, which from Pharſalia fled,
Old foes to *Cæſar*: thither *Varus* brings
His Libyan cohorts: but before both wings
The mighty Elephants are plac'd, to fright
The foes firſt on-ſet; and by them the light
Numidian horſe, and Mauritanian too:
Behind the beaſts the light arm'd Souldiers go,
His poiſon'd Quiver the black Mibian bears,
The ſtrong Mazacians their well-brandiſh'd Spears,
Of aim as ſure as Parthian Shafts; by theſe
With crooked Swords the Adyrmachides.
But ſeeing *Cæſar's* army in array,
And now not likely to protract the day,
Thus *Scipio* ſpeaks: True Romans, if a Cauſe
So juſt, ſo great, as to this battel draws
Your far-engaged hands, could need at all
Any incitements from a General,
The wrongs of Rome, the foes impietie
Afford too large, too ſad a ſcope for me
To play the Oratour: and though the fall
Of our ſad State and Laws in general
Should not affect your mindes; caſt but an eye
Upon thoſe blood-ſtaind fields of Theſſaly,
Think on Pharſalia's ſlaughter, and learn there
What each man ſuffers in particular,
Beſide the publique loſs: let every Ghoſt
Of friend or kiniman, that that day was loſt,

(Yet

(Yet unreveng'd) excite your valour now:
On us the gods and Fortune here beſtow
A juſter cauſe than there, for *Cæſar's* guilt
Was not ſo great before that blood was ſpilt:
Nor could that honour, Souldiers, have been gain'd
In Theſſaly, that may be here obtain'd
By *Cæſar's* fall; now his eſteem is more,
Although his ſtrength no greater than before,
And we are bound to Fortune, who in this
On equal hazard ſets a greater price.
Nor need you fear that ſhee ſhould now forſake
Her Romes defence, whom ſhe has toil'd to make
Head of the world ſo long, becauſe you ſaw
Cæſar ſubdu'd Rome in Pharſalia.
The date of *Pompey's* fortune was expir'd,
His many triumphs, which her favour tir'd,
So long had laſted, as it had been thought
(Had *Cæſar* fall'n when that great field was fought)
Not Romes, but *Pompey's* fortune had prevail'd:
And Rome then only her long favour fail'd,
As loth a private man ſhould think her his,
And ſhe depriv'd of publique Sacrifice.
But think not, Romans, the rebellious Fate
Of one proud man, ſhall ſtill out-weigh the State:
Nor does the anger of the gods appear
(If this good Omen we may truſt) that here
On Affricks Sun-burnt face you meet the foe
Under the conduct of a *Scipio*.
I need not boaſt, what every Nation knows,
With what triumphant Fate the *Scipio's*
In Affrick have advanc'd Romes power and fame,
How well her Fortune pleas'd her in that name?
And what forbids us hope the like, ſince we
As lawfully are armed here, and he,
Whom now our loyal valour copes withal,
As great a foe to Rome as *Hannibal*?
Into your hands the gods have put their doom;
Nought but your vertue can reſtore to Rome
Her Laws, and baniſh'd Citizens again:
For baniſhed are you, and muſt remain

For

For ever ſo, unleſs you conquer here:
He that would ſee his native land, his neer
And deareſt pledges, by the Sword muſt now
Redeem them all in *Ceſar's* overthrow.
Their ſpirits were rowzed; and the Roman troups
Inflam'd with love of fight, and fill'd with hopes;
No leſs did *Juba's* barbarous Nations,
With rude and different acclamations
Deſire a ſignal, and precipitate
With eagerneſs their own unhappie Fate.
Ceſar perceiving that the gods gave way
To his deſire, and now the wiſh'd for day
Of fight was come, advances, and thus cheers
With confidence his forward Souldiers.
The time is come, brave Souldiers, that muſt crown
And guerdon all the ſervice you have done,
That muſt conclude the labours of the Sword,
And (maugre envie) to your heads afford
All thoſe triumphant Bays, which hitherto
Have been deferr'd, deſerv'd ſo long ago,
For conquer'd Gallia, Brittain, Germanie,
Treacherous *Pharnaces*, and falſe *Ptolomey*:
All theſe has Fortune but deferr'd till now,
To joyn with them proud *Juba's* overthrow
Great as the greateſt; and this field, when done,
Confirms, or loſes all that we have won:
But 't were a crime to doubt it, ſince I ſee
Thoſe looks that never fail'd of victorie.
Let you' torn remnant of Pharſalia know
Their Conquerours. More would he ſay, when lo
From the right-wing, not ſtaying his command,
The Trumpets ſound a charge, and from their ſtand
(Although the Tribunes, and Centurions ſtrive
To keep them back) the Souldiers ruſh to give
The on-ſet ſtraight; nor them in vain to ſtay
Does *Ceſar* ſtrive, but gives their courage way:
As when two Charriots are prepar'd to run,
And one too haſtie from the liſt is gone,
In vain the Charrioter their courſe would ſtay,
Th' ungovern'd Horſes hurrie him away.

Then

Then with a rage as great as if two Seas
(Some god removing, for the Sailers eaſe,
The long Malæa) ſhould each other meet,
Both hoſts incounter, and begin the fight
With horrid ſhowts, that all the mountains nigh
Reſound aloud, and back from Sicilie
High Lilybæum to the Libyan ſhore,
Returns again their eccho'd clamours ore,
As much afraid to harbour but the ſound,
Of ſuch a war within that quiet ground:
Their noiſe not that of Thracian *Boreas*
Among the Pines of Oſſa, can ſurpaſs,
Nor that which Nilus falling water makes
Precipitated down the Cataracts,
When with his foam he ſeems to lave the skie,
And ſtrikes a deafneſs through the dwellers nigh.
Miſchief and furie rage; revenge doth one
Excite, the other indignation:
That after *Pompey's* death the war at all
Should laſte, and find another General.
Bloud all th' adjoyning fen diſcolours ore,
And makes a floud, where n'ere was floud before,
And from the moiſture of ſo many wounds,
Combines the mould of Affricks thirſtie grounds.
Through both the hoſts *Enyo's* blazing light
Like fatal lightning flaſhing flies t' excite
Their thoughts to furie; the Tartarian god
Set ope the vaults where Libyan ghoſts abode,
And from th' infernal caverns ſet them free
To view a while this fatal Tragedie.
And glut their dire revenge with Roman bloud:
Upon the mountains gloomie tops they ſtood,
Blaſting the day, and round about the hoſts
Making a baleful ring, the cruel ghoſts
Of *Jugurth*, *Syphax*, and Great *Hannibal*;
Who for their own, and Carthages ſad fall
Did then excuſe the gods, when they beheld
The Roman furie in that mortal field.
Yet in Romes ruin Libya ſuffers too:
More wrack, alas, ſhall this ſad battel doe

Than

Than after ages can repair with eaſe.
More deſolation now, more wilderneſs
The waſted face of Affrick ſhall ore-ſpread,
And beaſts poſſeſs the ſeats of Nations dead:
Where feared Monarchs once gave Laws to men
Shall Lions reign, and Tygars make their dens;
The ſlimy Serpents all alone ſhall crawle,
And wanting men, ſhall be no plague at all.
Cæſar foreſeeing th'Elephants, that were
In front of *Iuba's* battel, would ſtrike fear
Into his troops, doth ſuch a cure provide
As quite converts upon the other ſide
The Fate that threatned his; to the right wing
His choiceſt Bows, and miſſile armes he brings,
And ſets them at fair diſtance, oppoſite
To th'Elephants; who there begin the fight
With ſuch ſucceſs, as makes thoſe beaſts to be
The only cauſe of *Cæſar's* victory.
For gaul'd with ſhafts, confuſedly they run
In ſpight of their diſtracted guids, upon
Their own unhappy troops, to ſudden rout
Putting all *Iuba's* quarter round about,
And bearing down all that before them lay
To *Cæſar's* conqueſt make a ſpeedy way;
Their mighty ſtrength, ſince now ungoverned,
Is by the hand of Fortune only led,
And brings advantage to that ſide alone,
Which ſhe is pleaſed to beſtow it on.
The Mauritanian, and Numidian horſe,
Which there were plac'd by th'Elephants rude force
Orethrown, were cruſh'd to death, or headlong down
Into the trenches with their riders thrown,
Some few eſcaping by diſorder'd flight;
The light-arm'd Souldiers mixt with theſe to fight
'Reft of their ſhelter, now by heaps are ſlain,
And to the foes a prey, not war, remain;
And tire (as ſtanding not to fight but die)
With their bare throats the murdring enemie:
Nought there, alas, can weak Bamurians do
With their fire-harden'd Darts; nought can the Bow

And

And poiſon'd Shafts the cole-black Mibian wears
Avail their Maſter; vain thoſe brittle Spears
Are in the hands of light Autololes,
And crooked Swords of the Adyrmachides:
The weak Cyniphians find that skins of Goats,
Are too light armour to protect their throats;
When Brats and Iron no defence affords,
Againſt the force of the Cæſarian ſwords.
The purple field ſo great a ſlaughter ſtrows,
Blood from ſo many different people flows,
That while King *Juba* takes a ſad ſurvey,
In how great bredths his Empiers ruin lay,
No private deaths diſtinguiſhing at all,
He ſcarce can count how many Nations fall:
Nor doth he think, his Camp, after ſo great
An overthrow, can be a ſafe retreat;
But leaving that to greedy enemies
A wealthy ſpoil, he with *Petreius* flies.
King *Juba's* Camp by the purſuing foe
Is ſoon poſſeſt, and the Cæſarians know
Before their victory be fully done,
How great a prize their bloody toils have wonn.
But Fortune, where the Italian legions fought,
And *Scipio* ſtood, had not ſo quickly wrought
Her *Cæſar's* ends: there ſtrength by ſtrength repell'd,
And fury joyn'd with equal fury, held
The ballance ſtreight, whil'ſt doubting victory
Seem'd, not, a while, reſolved whoſe to be;
Or elſe deferr'd it only to declare
That higheſt fury reigns in civil war,
That countrey men in fight are cruel'ſt foes,
Or greateſt courage from worſt cauſes grows.
On equal hopes they both engaged were,
And in no quarter of the war but here,
Did it at all into a queſtion come
What ſhould be Romes eſtate, or *Cæſar's* doom.
Nor was the queſtion here determined,
Till with his Libyan Cohorts *Varus* fled,
And *Labienus* too, when he beheld
His ſlaughter'd Gauls, and Germans ſtrow the field,

Reſerv'd

Reserv'd a while by Destinies to see
Another ruine great as this, to be
A bleeding part of Romes third mortal wound;
And lie enterr'd in Munda's fatal ground:
As long meant Fortune to prolong their fall
As Rome with *Cæsar* could contend at all.
Scipio perceives his Army overthrown,
And now the loss irreparable grown:
Horror distracts his thoughts; what should he do?
Survive his battel? and not rather go
Upon the Swords, and there in height of all
His honour die as Romes chief General,
And by the ruine of so great a name
Enoble *Cæsar's* conquest? Or give fame
To Thapsus fatal field? For what has Fate
Power to bestow on such a wretched State,
That can at all his minde to live invite?
With this resolve in fury of the fight
Had *Scipio* dy'd; but flatt'ring hope withheld
(Even such as from Pharsalia's mortal field,
Made *Pompey* flie to meet a sadder Fate)
His eager soul, that the afflicted State
Though seeming dead, after this fatal hour,
Might once more struggle against *Cæsar's* power:
Then mounted on a Libyan Steed he flies;
And ore the field his routed companies,
Mixt with the Horsemen take disordred flight;
Some legions hoping to retire from fight
To *Juba's* Campe, and it to fortifie,
And finding that seiz'd by the enemie,
After the usual manner casting down
Their armes, they tender a submission.
But all in vain; no safety at the hands
Of the enrag'd, and fierce Cæsarians,
(Oh shame of war!) could their submission get,
Although that *Cæsar* did himself intreat,
Grieving that in his power it lay not then,
To save from death his wretched countrey men,
And by his speech and actions did declare,
That he was then no part of civil war.

He

He cries aloud, Oh ſpare the yielding foe,
They are no longer foes, but Romans now:
You more than loſe your valour, and to me
Do purchaſe envie here, not victorie:
They, that in conqueſt of ſo many lands
Nere diſobey'd his moſt ſevere commands,
Nor ere refus'd what he would put them too,
In this alone their diſobedience ſhow
Now his commands are good: all ore the plain
Are *Scipio's* Souldiers miſerably ſlain,
That, to this Tragedie compared, light
Were all the ſlaughters of the former fight.
And now the mourning fields with ſlaughter ſtrow'd
And cover'd ore with horrid ruine, ſhow'd
A full and perfect conqueſt was obtain'd
That for the ſword no farther work remain'd;
When *Cæſar* maſter of his higheſt hopes,
From the purſuit calls back his wearie troups,
And recompences, with the wealthy ſpoils
Of Kings and Nations, their ſucceſsful toils.

Annotations upon the third Book.

(a) Cæſar *having but a ſmal force in Affrica, and much troubled at the report of the great armie of his enemies, that all King* Juba's *forces joyned with* Scipio, *found help from an occaſion little expected: for (as* Dion *relates it)* Publius Sittius *(if we may attribute it to* Sittius, *and not rather to Fortune) brought unto* Cæſar *not onely a timely ſafetie, but a great victorie: this* Sittius *expelled before out of Italie, and joyning to himſelf ſome other exiles, paſſed over into Mauritania; there obtaining an armie from King* Bocchus, *he reſolved to aid* Cæſar *in this war: though he had neither received any benefits from him, nor was at all known to him: but becauſe he heard that* Cæſar *was far from him, and could then give him no great help (for* Cæſar's *forces in Affrick were then but ſmall) watching the time when King* Juba *drew his armie out of his own Country, he invaded* Numidia, *and* Getulia *another part of* Juba's *Kingdom, waſting and ſpoiling both the Countries: by which accident King* Juba *was forced to quit his expedition, and march back again with the*

greater part of his forces to the rescue of his own Kingdom; for he had sent part of his strength to Scipio before: so that it is certain if King Juba by Fortune had not then been diverted from joyning with Scipio, Cæsar had not been able to have stood against their united forces, nor maintained himself then in Affrica. Dion. lib. 43.

(b) The Roman Armie remaining in Affrica, hearing that Spain was vexed with dissentions and seditions, sent thither Cneius Pompeius the eldest son of Pompey the Great, as thinking that he for his Fathers sake would be received in Spain with greatest honour; advising him, that when he had setled his affairs there, he should march to Rome; and they themselves intented with all their forces to meet him there, and make the war in Italie, this counsel was had while Cæsar as yet lingred in Ægypt according to Dion. lib. 42. but Hirtius in his Commentaries relates it after that time.

(c) Cneius Pompeius chid by Cato, and advised to go into Spain and raise forces, with thirtie ships of all sorts, putting to Sea at Utica, sailed to Mauritania, and entred the Kingdom of King Bogud: there setting his armie on shore, which consisted of about two thousand slaves, and Freemen, part armed, and part unarmed, he marched toward the Town of Asciarum, in which Town there was then a Garrison of the Kings, the Garrison suffering Pompey to passe quietly till he approched the very wals of the Town, sallying out then, on the sudden overcame them, and some they killed, some they forced into the Sea; Pompey himself with a few of his men getting to their Ships sailed away; after which he never more arrived on the shore of Affrick, but went to the Balearick Islands, and from thence to Spain. comment. de bello Africano.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOK.

The Argument of the fourth Book.

To his imperial Zamah Juba *flies,*
And thence excluded, with Petreius *dies*
Amidst their banquets bleeding. Scipio *slain*
By his own hands, within the waterie main
Intombs himself: The death of Cato *fames*
Old Utica; Cæsar *laments, and blames*
His wilful Fate; and from the Libyan coast
Is shipp'd for Rome with his victorious host.

BUt all the wrack, that Thapsus fields had made,
The fields could not contain; nor could so sad,
And great a ruin in such narrow bounds
Be circumscrib'd: the high Imperial wounds
Which there were given, in other regions bled.
And those great names, which from that battel fled,
As loth to mix with vulgar Funerals,
Must bear the fame of their renowned falls
To other lands, lest this great loss should be
In storie told as one calamitie.
With winged speed by nights obscuritie
From Thapsus *Juba* and *Petreius* flie,
To reach strong Zamah the Imperial seat
Of *Juba's* Realm, a Citie fair and great;
In which, when first, the war began, he lay'd
His wealth, and deerest pledges had convey'd:
But now the gates were shut: the men deny'd
Their King an entrance; and with scoffs deride
His threats and prayers, for his changed Fate
Now gave them leave freely to shew their hate;

And all too late is *Juba* forc'd to see
The curs'd effects of former tyrannie.
Oh wretched State of Tyrants that nere see,
Untill their sight in vain and bootless be,
Their just esteem: nor ever till too late,
Can know what men deserve their love, or hate.
In wretched times your friends are onely known;
But when that knowledge comes, the power is gone.
Your State requital, or revenge denies,
And Fortune, but to grieve you, opes your eyes.
The King oppress with griet, and fill'd with ire
Unto a Countrie Palace doth retire,
Not far from thence; with him *Petreius* goes,
And a small troup of Horse: there they repose
Their wearie bodies and vex'd minds, until
A great resolve their breasts with comfort fill:
Then he commands his servants to prepare
Forthwith a stately banquet, and with rare
And sumptuous cates a full repast they take;
When thus King *Juba* to *Petreius* spake;
Roman, thou seest how Fortunes utmost spight
Pursues our actions, and hath 'reft us quite
Of any future hopes; nothing can be
Safetie to us but *Cæsar's* clemencie.
But thou and I in all this Civil war
'Gainst *Cæsar's* side, have been engag'd too far
To hope for mercie; which, if I might have,
By all our gods I should disdain to crave:
For love of *Pompey* I was *Cæsar's* foe,
And in the great'st extreme dare still be so.
Had he prevail'd, a welcome friend to Rome
With greatest honour *Juba* might have come:
Nor shall she now behold me captive there
And led as *Syphax* and *Jugurtha* were, (powe
Like slaves through her proud streets, to grace th
Of an insulting laurell'd Conquerour:
No, let Rome rather hear how *Juba* dy'd,
Disdaining *Cæsar's* pietie, or his pride.
I do not want a Hand, a Heart, a Sword,
Or whatsoever else may death afford;

But do invite *Petreius* as my friend,
To share in this last act of fame, my end:
Our cause, our Fortunes are alike in all;
Then like our selves, brave Roman, let us fall,
But use each others help: unsheath thy Sword,
And let our friendship strive who shall afford,
First freedom to his friend, love shall ingage
My valour against thee, as much as rage
Against a foe. *Petreius* draws his Sword,
And thus in short returns: brave Libyan Lord,
Worthy whom Rome with honour still should name,
To whom *Petreius* gladly owes his fame;
Nor (though a Roman General) do I
Blush to be taught by *Juba* how to die:
It was the Roman genius prompted thee
To this, lest Rome should be inforc'd to see
That King a captive, and in triumph brought,
That had for her, her laws, and freedom fought.
That had with *Scipio* and the Senate stood;
And thy disgrace prove *Cæsar's* conquest good
Against his Countrey: No, great King, of thee
Rome still shall hold a dearer memorie;
With *Massanissab* shalt thou ranked stand,
When our sad Annals *Cæsar's* deeds shall brand,
And marke his partie with as black a stain
As *Catiline*, and his rebellious train.
The rest my Sword shall speak for me, and prove
How much thy freedom, and mine own I love.
With that they both in equal furie meet,
And with such fierce assaults each other greet,
As who had seen the combat, might suppose
That so much valour had not fought to lose,
But guard by conquest a desired life:
At last to end this hot despairing strife,
Juba a bootless conquest did obtain;
Under whose force was weak *Petreius* slain:
Keep in (quoth *Juba*) life a while, and see
A life let out to bear thine companie:
If not, before thou cross the Stygian lake,
My fleeting soul thy ghost shall overtake.

Farewel you fading glorie that attend
A Kingly ſtate, too feeble to defend
Your proud poſſeſſours from the ſtorms of Fate:
What reſt upon the ſlipperie heights of State
Finds man? What ſtay on Fortunes reſtleſs wheel?
Oh treacherous Zamah, may thy falſe neck feel
Romes yoke as hard, as thou to thy true Lord
Diſloyal prov'ſt: then falling on his Sword,
From forth his ſtrugling breaſt his Spirit flies,
And night eternal cloſes up his eyes.
But ſee, from Thapſus fatal overthrow
A nobler death draws neer, Great *Scipio*
Romes General, that had ſo lately led
The Senats war 'gainſt *Cæſar's* fortune, fled
From that ſad battel in a poor diſguiſe,
And one ſmall bark, the Seas of Libya tries,
To find from thence ſafe paſſage into Spain,
Where *Pompey's* ſons with all their ſtrength remain.
But by a ſtorm was driven into the Bay
Of Hippo, where the Ships of Sittius lay,
Left there in *Cæſar's* name to guard the coaſt.
Scipio perceives himſelf and Bark are loſt,
The weather croſs, cuts off all hope of flight;
The winds (quoth he) and Seas for *Cæſar* fight:
Why did I ſcape the ſtormie main? Oh why
From Thapſus fatal battel did I flie,
And not in height of all mine honour fall,
Fighting for Rome to die her General?
Oh would Pharſalia's battel had deſtroy'd,
This ill kept life, before that here imploy'd,
The Senats war with ill ſucceſs I led,
And Affrick ſaw a *Scipio* vanquiſhed.
You noble Souls of my dead anceſtours,
That hither oft have led the Roman powers
With glorious fame, as Carthages great fall,
As captive *Syphax*, vanquiſh'd *Hannibal*,
And ſaved Rome can witneſs, bluſh not now
At this your Nephews hapleſs overthrow;
No Libyan forces, but the ſtrength of Rome,
Has Rome it ſelf, and *Scipio* overcome;

By

By her own ſtrength ſubdu'd, with her I die,
To wait upon expiring libertie.
By this occaſion Fate with kind intent,
To me neceſſitie of death has ſent,
Leſt I my freedom might perchance out-live;
Nor could the gods a fitter bountie give.
Let *Pompey's* ſons now trie their Fate, and gain
Our Laws and State again, or loſe in Spain
As much from Rome, as here in Affrick I,
Or their Great Father loſt in Theſſalie;
My courſe is run; and, though this armed hand
Shall teſtifie I could have dy'd by land,
The Ocean likes me beſt, within the main
Unknown for ever *Scipio* ſhall remain:
Oh let my floating carkaſs never come
To land, leſt Affrick ſhould beſtow a Tomb,
And to her ſons in after-ages ſhow
A monument of vanquiſh'd *Scipio*:
With that a Ponyard in his hand he took,
And with a ſtrength and arm ſo certain ſtrook
His willing breaſt, that thence the guſhing bloud,
Made on the Decks a crimſon pretious floud:
But he, while yet his vital parts retain
Some ſpirits, leaps into the curled main;
And her blew waves with purple ſtaining, dies:
Unbury'd *Scipio's* noble bodie lies
Within the Seas deep boſom; th' Oceans frie
Devour the fleſh of that brave familie,
In which great Rome may make her fulleſt boaſt;
If all her actions, all her fame were loſt,
If all thoſe ſeveral vertues, pietie,
True fortitude, admired conſtancie,
Impartial juſtice, frugal temperance,
That through the World her honour did advance,
In all names elſe had been forgot and gone,
In this renowned familie alone
All might be found; nor did the Roman fame
Ere ſhine, more bright than in a *Scipio's* name:
Why did thy Countrey want an urn for thee?
Ore which the peoples untaught pietie

Might truly mourn, and pay the tears they ow
Unto the ruin'd race of *Scipio*.
By this the flying companies, that were
From that ſad battel ſcap'd, had every where
Fill'd Liby'as Towns with terrour and diſmay:
At Utica the nohle *Cato* lay
In Garriſon; who free from private fear,
Not for himſelf diſmay'd at all, to hear
The fatal news of *Scipio* overthrown,
Exhorts his Souldiers to defend the Town
'Gainſt *Ceſar's* entrie; but perceiving then
Th' aſtoniſhment, and faintneſs of his men,
He with the ſame unſhaken conſtancie
Forgives their fear, and counſels them to flie;
Provides from all the neighbouring ports a fleet
Uſing his utmoſt diligence to get
Them ſafely all aboord, and timely gone,
Careful for every ſafetie but his own.
The Citizens of Utica he cheers
With hope of *Ceſar's* clemencie, and cleers
All diſmal clouds of fear and jealouſies,
That might within their fainting breaſts ariſe:
And ſuch to them with cheerful looks (although
Reſolv'd to die) did *Cato* ſtrive to ſhow,
As if himſelf had not at all diſdain'd,
To beg, or take a life at *Ceſar's* hand.
He, whoſe auſterer vertue nere before
Had given him leave to hide, or colour ore
His leaſt intention, whom no fear had taught
How to diſſemble, or once ſwerve in ought
From his profeſt, and rigid path of right,
For love of death now plays the hypocrite.
Nights ſilent reign had robb'd the World of light
To lend, in lieu, a greater benefit,
Repoſe and ſleep; when every mortal breaſt
Whom care or grief permitted, took their reſt.
But *Cato's* breaſt was not alone ſet free,
From perturbation and anxietie,
By vertues conſtant uſe, for ſoft repoſe
Or ſleep, the common end, but to compoſe

And

And raiſe it ſelf unto an act more high
The contemplation of eternitie.
In contemplation the untroubled Soul
Parts from the bodies bonds, free from controul
Of fleſhly paſſions, by no cares diſtracted,
(Not as in ſleep ſhe does, to lie contracted
Within her ſelf, and from all action ceaſe)
But to imploy her pureſt faculties
At nobler diſtance, where no ſenſe of light,
Or outward organ can direct her flight:
There by her ſelf the Soul can take ſurvey
Of thoſe high glorious bodies, which diſplay
(Objects too bright for ſenſe) in their own light
Some beams and glimpſes of that infinite
Eternal eſſence, from whoſe fulneſs they
Derive their beauties: there the Soul would ſtay,
Or wiſhes that from lets corporeal free
She might (what now ſhe cannot) plainly ſee
Thoſe formes; and does in that deſire imply
Her own undoubted immortalitie.
But ere the mind of man can fitted be,
To ſearch the depth of true Philoſophie,
It muſt be purg'd by moral rules, and freed
From impious luſts, from vice of thought and deed.
And as a wiſe Phyſitian ever gives
Before his medicines, clean preparatives,
So let no Soul contemplate, till it be
Prepar'd, and purg'd by ſound moralitie.
Firſt let it practiſe vertue here, before
With contemplations wings it dare to ſoar
In ſearch of that, which is the perfect'ſt good,
And height of all that can be underſtood;
Leſt, as in Phyſick, th' unpurg'd humours may
Diſtract the medicines working force; ſo they
Not purg'd from vices through falſe glaſſes ſee,
And oft deceiv'd in ſpeculation be:
Unto thy ſelf firſt moral Phyſick give,
And then ſecurely be contemplative.
So cleans'd was *Cato's* ſoul; and fit was he
For ſtricteſt precepts of Philoſophie,

Since virtues paths, which rough to others seem,
Long use had made habitual to him.
To whom the Fates present, as now on high
His thoughts were soaring to eternity,
An object fit; casting his eye aside
Divinest *Plato's Phædon* he espy'd.
Oh welcome book sent from the gods (quoth he)
To teach a dying man Philosophy;
And though thou canst not further, or controule
The resolution of my fixed soul,
Since Fate has doom'd my end, yet may'st thou give
Comfort to those few hours I have to live.

Mans Soul immortal; is whilest here they live Plat.
The purest mindes for perfect knowledge strive; Phæd.
Which is the knowledge of that glorious God,
From whom all life proceeds; in this abode
Of flesh, the Soul can never reach so high;
So reason tells us; if the Soul then dye,
When from the bodies bonds she takes her flight,
Her unfulfil'd desire is frustrate quite,
And so bestow'd in vain: it follows then
The best desires unto the best of men,
The great Creator did in vain dispence;
Or else the Soul must live when gone from hence:
And if it live after the body fall,
What reason proves that it should dye at all?
Since, not compounded as the body is,
And mixt of ever-fighting contraries,
But one pure substance, like it self, and may
(By Reasons rules) subsist alone for aye.
And though we yeeld, that God, who did create,
Can, if he please, again annihilate
The Soul; and nothing in that sense can be,
Indissoluble, save the Deitie,
Yet Souls, which in their nature do agree
So neer with that, shall ne're dissolved be,
Till they at last their wished end attain,
And so immortal by themselves remain.

True grounds (quoth he) divine Philosopher:
Else what were vertue, or true knowledge here

But

But waking dreams? Why, more than beasts, should (we
Oblige our selves to laws of piety,
Or curb our lusts? Oh why should vertue be
Judg'd, by the wisest, true felicity,
Before wealth, honour, pleasure? Vertue here
Does not (alas!) so beautiful appear,
But poor, and wretched rather; nor is she
(Unless, which in this life we do not see,
(Some fairer substance or true form she have)
Ought but an empty name, or Fortunes slave.
The wisest men are glad to dye; no fear
Of death, can touch a true Philosopher.
Death sets the Soul at liberty, to flye,
And search the depth of that Divinity;
Which, whilst imprison'd in the body here,
She cannot learn: a true Philosopher
Makes death his common practise, while he lives,
And every day by contemplation strives
To seperate the Soul, far as he can,
From off the body: (what's the death of man
But separation of those two? Should he,
That every day did strive in some degree
To gain this freedom, fear it at the time
When nature has allotted it to him?
Would birds incag'd, that with all motions trie
And seek all ways to gain their liberty,
The cage set ope refuse to flie from thence?
Nay more, have lovers in impatience
Forc'd out their lives, and violently fled
Into the other world to find their dead
Dear loves? And should the Soul, which here below
Clos'd in the body, every day did woo,
And court that knowledge, which is perfect bliss,
Refuse to go, and find it where it is,
Then when the gods have open'd her the way?
But here, till then, the Soul is bound to stay;
Nor must she leave her station, till that God
Do call her hence, that gave her this abod.
Here *Cato* stopt, and paws'd; is death (quoth he)
Unlawful then, till rude necessity

Inforce

Inforce a man to taſte it? And muſt I
Wear this loath'd life, till *Ceſar* bid me die?
Is not the fatal overthrow ſo late
In Thapſus fields, and ruin of the State,
Neceſſity of death enough for me?
May I not think the gods in that decree
The death of *Cato?* But muſt hold my hand
Expecting till the Conquerour command?
And give more pow'r to him, whoſe lawleſs might
Already has uſurp'd above his right?
Or begge for life, acknowledging him ſo
My Lord, whom juſtly I adjudg'd Romes foe?
So ſave my life by ſinning, or elſe die
With one ſin more, if mercy he deny?
But this ſure hand ſhall ſave that hazard now.
Plato, and all divineſt Laws allow
Rather than act a crime, a man ſhould die.
Should I take life from *Ceſar's* clemencie,
It would be judg'd by all (what ere were ment)
I did approve of *Ceſar's* government.
How great a crime might mine example prove?
How great a wrong to Rome, and all that love
Her Laws; and Liberties? Great *Pompey's* Sons
That now do arm the Weſtern regions,
And for their Country yet intend to fight,
Might think themſelves excus'd if I ſubmit,
And from their juſteſt reſolution ſwerve
When old free *Cato* were content to ſerve.
Ile trie (ſince moſt aſſur'd the Soules do live)
What Laws to us the other world will give:
For ſure the gods, 'mongſt Soules departed hence,
'Twixt good and bad will put a difference.
Thoſe happy Soules, that while they lived here,
By pure and perfect contemplation were
Abſtracted from the body, that with true
Deſires did oft the heavenly beauties view,
Shall thither go, when they from hence are fled
To have their joys and knowledge perfected.
Within the Heavens ſhall they for ever be
Since here with Heaven they made affinity.

But thoſe dark Soules, which drowned in the fleſh
Did never dream of future happineſs,
That, while they lived here, believ'd, or lov'd
Nothing but what the bodies taſte approv'd,
When they depart from hence, ſhall fear the ſight
Of Heaven, nor dare t' approach that glorious light;
But wander ſtill in diſmal darkneſs, neer
Their bodies, whom alone they loved here.
Thoſe ſad, and ghaſtly viſions, which to ſight
Of frighted people doe appear by night
About the Tombs and Graves, where dead men lie,
Are ſuch dark Soules condemn'd t' accompany
Their bodies there; which Soules, becauſe they be
Groſs and corporeal, men do therefore ſee.

How different ſhall the Soules condition be,
If this (quoth he) be true Philoſophy?
As true it is, nor do I think it leſs;
If Vertue be the way to happineſs:
And that be Vertue, which we men have thought,
What in-bred reaſon to our Soules has taught,
And Laws commanded us; if ſuch thou be
Oh Vertue, *Cato* ſtill has follow'd thee;
And never from thy hardeſt precepts ſwerv'd;
Ne're has this Soule the bodies pleaſure ſerv'd.
What doubts can ſhake my long ſecurity?
But doubts, where frailty is, will ever be:
Fare-welfrail world; what here we cannot ſee,
I go to find, clear truth and certaintie:
Then with a fatal ſtroke he pierc'd his breſt;
At noiſe of which his ſervants vainly preſt
In, to prevent the Fate; nor could they lend
Help to his life, but trouble to his end:
Who ſadly ſhew'd, death could not be deny'd,
And rending wider his large wound, he dy'd:
The Citizens with honours did interre
That ſpotleſs manſion of a Soule ſo clear.

Ceſar from Thapſus now ſecur'd from Foes
By that full Conqueſt, to Uzzita goes,
With eaſe poſſeſſing there all *Scipio's* ſtore
Of corn and arms, and where the Sword before

Threaten'd

Threaten'd his march, where horrid dangers lay
And ambuſhes, he now findes quiet way
To Adrumetum back; where he beſtows
A cheerful pardon on his yeelding foes,
Since now all Affrick from his fears was free,
And Fortune had ſecur'd his clemencie.
Marching away to Utica from thence
Humbly receiv'd by all the Citizens,
Who then ſolemniz'd *Cato's* funeral;
He ſigh'd, and thus complain'd; Why did'ſt thou fall
Oh envious man? Rather than not deprive
Cæſar of honour, *Cato* could not live.
How ſadly cruel haſt thou been to me
Againſt thy ſelf to wrong my clemencie?
And ſhew thy death a greater enemy,
Than all thy living power or arms could be.
To kill my joys thou dy'ſt, chooſing to be
Lamented rather than imbrac'd by me,
It is my ſorrow not my love is ſought.
What ſtrange rewards have all my mercies got;
That greateſt Romans rather chuſe to flie
To death it ſelf, than to my clemencie?
So hapleſs *Pompey*, while he fled from me,
Durſt rather truſt th' Ægyptian treacherie,
And there to periſh by ignoble hands,
Than live with *Cæſar*, thinking barbarous lands
Better than Rome with us: but he again
Hop'd to repair his ſtrength; thou in diſdain
Of *Cæſar* dy'ſt; but yet my goodneſs ſhall
Or'e-come thy envy, and quite fruſtrate all
Thy ſcope in death; I'le give all dues to thee;
Thy ſon in honour ſhall remain with me,
And to the world ſhall witneſs thou didſt die
By thine own envy, not my cruelty.
Then to his grace he takes th' inhabitants
Of Utica, and for his armies wants
Commands proviſion, and, while there he ſtays
The Cities walls, and fortreſſes ſurveys.
Walking not far from off the town, he ſaw
Upon the ſandy bank of Bagrada,

Which

Which ſlowly there his muddy waves doth move,
(Within that countrey rare) a ſtately grove
Not wide in circuit, where an awful ſhade
The meeeting boughs, exiling *Phœbus*, made:
That ſhady grove, whil'ſt with a curious eye
Cæſar ſurvey'd, he chanced to eſpy
Within, a deep and vaſt deſcent of ground,
The jaws of *Tenarus*, that baleful bound
'Twixt earth and hell, is not a blacker room;
To which, they ſay, the ghoſts infernal come.
A Cave there was, in which no cheering light
At all e're peep'd; but ſad and drery night;
A ſquallid filth, and mouldineſs had made,
From whence exhaled ſtinches did invade
The upper air; Whil'ſt *Cæſar* in amaze,
Doth neerly view the horrour of the place,
His longing thoughts a Libyan ſtanding by
(Taught by tradition) thus doth ſatisfie.
This den, Oh *Cæſar*, which for many a year
Hath empty ſtood, and freed the land from fear,
A monſtrous Serpent, by Heavens vengeance bred
The plague of Affrick, once inhabited.
The earth a greater Monſter never bare;
Nor *Hydra* might with this dire ſnake compare,
Nor that great Dragon whoſe ſtill waking eyes
Medea charm'd, when Colcho's golden prize
The venturous *Jaſon* bore to Theſſaly;
Nor that, as great and watchful too as he,
Whom great *Alcides* conquer'd to poſſeſs
The glittering Orchard of th' *Heſperides*;
Nor, though the Sun that mighty *Python* ſlew,
Did e're the Sun a greater Serpent view.
The ſeveral Snakes, that out of Libya's ſlime
Are bred, might all have been combin'd in him;
Nor could *Meduſa's* head, had all the blood
At one place fall'n, produce a greater brood.
A hundred ells in length was his extent;
When he upon this ſide the river went,
With his long neck ſtretch'd out, what ere he ſpy'd,
With eaſe he ſeazed from the other ſide.

With

With Lions here he fill'd his hungry maw,
That came to drink the ſtreams of Bagrada,
And fierceſt Tigers all beſmear'd with blood
Of cattel ſlain, became themſelves his food.
When firſt the Roman armies ſailing ore,
And threatning Carthage on the Libyan ſhore
Were led by *Regulus*, whoſe tragick fall
Sadly renown'd the Spartan General,
Here then this hideous monſter did remain:
The army marching on yon ſpatious plain,
Three Roman Souldiers, by ill Fate, drew neer
To quench their fiery thirſt, the river here,
And tempted by theſe ſhady trees, to ſhun
A while the ſcorching fury of the ſun,
Entring the wood, down to the ſtream they ſtoop,
And take in helmets the coole liquor up;
When ſuddainly ſurpriz'd with chilling fear,
A horrid hiſſing through the air they hear,
And from the den the Serpents head appears,
At once amazing both their eyes and ears.
What ſhould they do? For help they could not call;
The Serpents hiſſing loud had filled all
The wood; nor ſtrength, nor hearts had they to fight,
Nor ſcarce did any hope appear by flight.
Nor could their trembling hands the helmets hold;
When ſtrait the Serpent from his ſcaly fold
Shot forth, and ſeized one, who calling on
His fellows names in vain, was ſwallowed down,
And buried in the Monſters hungry maw,
His horrid deſtiny when th' other ſaw,
They leapt into the ſtream to ſave their lives:
But that (alas!) to them no ſafety gives:
For forth his long twin'd neck the Serpent ſtretch'd
And ſwimming *Havens* in the river reach'd;
Who, though too late he ſtrived to be drown'd
In Bagrada, a Fate more cruel found.
Marus at laſt, while *Havens* death did ſtay
The Monſters ſpeed, had time to ſcape away;
And to th' amazed General relates
The Serpents greatneſs, and his fellows fates.

But

But er'e his faultring tongue had fully told
The tragick ſtory, they from far behold
The ſcaly Monſter rowling on the ſands
In ſpacious windings: *Regulus* commands
The army ſtraight their piles and ſpears prepare
To charge, and march againſt it as a war,
And ready all their battering engines make,
That ſtrongeſt walls and bulwarks us'd to ſhake:
The Trumpets then, as to a battel ſound;
Which noiſe the Ser ent hearing, from the grouud
Where he in ſpacious rings enfolded lay,
Aloft his head advances to ſurvay
The Champion round, and to their eyes appears,
Long as that Dragon 'twixt the heavenly Bears.
Fire from his threatning eyes, like lightning, ſhot,
And Stygian blaſts exhal'd from his dire throat;
While he advanc'd, you would ſuppoſe from far
A moving Caſtle made offenſive war:
And ſhooting forth he in a moment flew
Upon far diſtant faces; at whoſe view
The ſtarting horſes could no more be held
By bits, but ſnorting flew about the field;
Whil'ſt this dire Serpent ſad maſſacres makes
Among the men, ſome 'twixt his jaws he takes,
And cruſhes there, ſome into air he flings,
Who falling dye: and while his ſpacious rings
He does unfold with fury, ſweeping round
The ſands, he beats whole cohorts to the ground.
The army now gave ground, and 'gan retire,
When noble *Regulus* inflam'd with ire
To ſee that ſhame, cries out, Oh ſtand the field;
To Libyan Monſters ſhall Romes vertue yeeld?
If ſo, I ſingly will the combat try,
And expiating Romes diſhonour die:
Then all alone, devoid of fear, he goes,
And his ſtrong pile againſt the Serpent throws
With well tane aim, whom not in vain he ſtruck;
In his tough forehead the ſteel'd jav'lin ſtuck.
The hideous Monſter, whoſe long age before
Had ne're felt ſteel, ſent out a yelling roar,

With

And ſhooting forth, impatient of the wound,
With his long tail he laſh'd the ſuffering ground.
A ſhout the Souldiers raiſe, incourag'd now,
And altogether ſtorms of javelins throw;
Some harmleſs lighting on his ſcaly back
Such noiſe, as hail on tiled houſes make;
Some pierce his breſt, and ſofter belly wound;
Thoſe parts alone they penetrable found.
Black gore from thence diſtains the ſwarthy ſands;
At laſt two javelins ſent from lucky hands
In both his fiery threatning eyes did light,
Depriving him, though not of ſtrength, of ſight:
Whoſe yet blind rage draws many a ruine on,
Until at laſt a huge, and maſſie ſtone,
Shot from a bulwark-battering engine, ſtroke
His bowed back with ſuch great force, it broke
That many-joynted bone, nor then could he
Lift, as before, his ſpeckled creſt on high;
But while he ſtruggling lay upon the plain,
Another ſtone daſh'd out his poiſonous brain;
The ſands diſcolour'd with black filth appear,
And that ſo lately feared Serpent there,
Strech'd out at length his baleful life expires;
His vaſte extent the General admires:
But ſtraight a groan the mourning river gave,
A doleful noiſe the wood, and hollow cave
Reſounded forth; the Naiades, that kept
Slow Bagrada, for their dead ſervant wept;
Nor did the Augurs then forbear to ſhew,
The Romane troops his death ſhould dearly rew,
And *Regulus* become a captive prey
To his inſulting foes; on (whom ſaid they)
The Nymphs, and wrathful Naiades would take,
That dire revenge for their ſlain Serpents ſake.
Ceſar enough delighted to behold
The Cave, and pleas'd with what the Libyan told,
Returns to Vtica; thence marching on
With ſpeed through *Juba's* loſt dominion,
Arrives at wealthy Zamah, Libya's pride,
Where late a powerful Monarch did reſide;

And

And hearing there of *Iuba's* wretched Fate,
Laments the frailty of mans higheſt ſtate:
Then he commends the Citizens, and ore
The Countrey leaves *Salluſtius* Governor,
Which from a Kingdoms ſtate is now become,
A ſubject Province to Imperial Rome.
Then marches back to Utica again,
And lanching forth his fleet into the main
Sailing by Saidos, on th' Italian coaſt,
He ſafe arrives with his victorious hoſt.

Annotations upon the fourth book.

Lucius Scipio, *General at Thapſus, periſhed at Sea by the report of all that write that ſtory, but the manner of his death, as I have here related it, is to be found only in Appian, which I have read, that he firſt wounded himſelf with a Sword, and afterwards leaped into the Sea, as loth that his dead body ſhould either ſuffer deſpight, or receive favour from his enemies.* Appi. lib. 2. de bello civili.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOK.

The Argument of the fifth Book.

What unaccuſtom'd honours by decree
The Senate give to Cæſar's *victory.*
His four rich Triumphs ſhew'd ore Gallia,
Conquer'd Pharnaces, Ægypt, Affrica.
Whoſe pompous ſhows diſplay the captiv'd fate
Of ſeveral Princes: Cæſar's *high eſtate*
To throw into the hazard once again,
Great Pompey's *ſons revive the war in Spain.*

WHen *Cæſar's* conqueſt born by winged Fame,
Had enter'd Rome, and to the Senate came,
Th' affrighted Fathers in pale haſt declar'd
Their forced joy; and while the Prieſts prepar'd
For Sacrifice, officiouſly decreed,
(Though Rome it felt in that days fate did bleed)
That ſupplications to the gods ſhould be,
Twice twenty days for *Cæſar's* victory;
Through all the Roman Temples they invoke
The gods for him, and all their Altars ſmoke
With thankful incenſe, more than when the fall
Of Carthages ſo feared *Hannibal,*
Or that defeat of all the Cymbrian powers
By *Marius* hand, that ſav'd Quirinus Towers.

First

First pierc'd their joyful ears; no vanquish'd foe
Ere caus'd such seeming joy. Rome's forced now
To thank the gods for her subjection more,
Than all the greatness she had won before.
To that great Triumph, which so long before,
His ten years labour had deserved, ore
The conquer'd Gaules, and well deferr'd till now,
The forward Senate grant three Triumphs moe,
T'express more pompous state than ere before
The people saw, or lawrel'd Roman bore;
That all the several vanquish'd Nations
From East and West, from both the Poles at once,
By his triumphant Charriots might combine,
The yellow Germans with black Libyans joyn,
Gaules with Armenians meet, the Sun-burnt bands
Of Meroë with cold Pannonians,
The painted Britains, curl'd Sicambrians,
With cole-black Mibians, and Mazacians.
Those that at fartheſt distance never yet
Each other view'd, at *Cæsar's* triumph met,
Might there acquainted in sad bondage grow,
And waile in chains their common overthrow:
That the Imperial Tyber might at once
All floods, that bless so many regions,
In *Cæsar's* rich Triumphal tablets see
Display'd, bewailing their Captivity.
And bridled there by his proud Conquest, joyn
Seven-channel'd Nilus with the German Rhine,
The swift Danubius with slow Bagrada;
And all those winding streams, which every way
From North to South into the Ocean rowle
'Twixt fartheſt Thule, and Tritonia's poole;
From whence *Minerva* dain'd her name to take,
When first within the quiet Christal lake
Come down from Heaven, she view'd her vi gin face,
Nor ever so did any triumph grace
Romes power (as this had done;) nor yet in all
Those former Bayes, which deckt the Capitol,
If here her felt no part at all had been
Of the subdu'd, had she more glory seen.

But

But leaſt theſe honours ſhould not ſeem to be
Enough for *Cæſar*, by a new decree
The Senatours, before he enter Rome,
Make him Dictator for ten years to come,
And three years Cenſor; that it might be ſhown
How *Cæſar's* conquering power had overthrown
Their Liberties, together with the fall
Of barbarous Nations: In the Capitol
He in a Charriot was advanc'd to ſit,
To Jove himſelf directly oppoſite:
A Globe terreſtrial not far from thence,
Diſplay'd in ſhort the vaſt circumference
Of all the earth; on which his Statue trode
With this inſcription, *He's a demy-god.*
Swel'd with the Senates flattering decrees,
And fortune of ſo many victories,
Does *Cæſar* now in Pomp triumphant come,
His lofty Charriot through the ſtreets of Rome
By ſnow-white Horſes drawn, more bright by far
Than thoſe fam'd Steeds, which in the *Trojan* war
From ſlaughter'd *Rheſus* tent *Tydides* took,
Before they drunk of Xanthus Chriſtal brook,
Or cropt the *Trojan* paſtures, a vain aid
To falling Ilion, the firſt night betray'd.
Declare, ye ſiſters of the *Theſpian* ſpring,
(For you remember well, and well can ſing,)
In thoſe four *Triumphs*, which the people ſaw,
Ore *Ægypt*, Pontus, France, and Libya,
How many captiv'd people ſadly went
In habits, tongues, and viſage different
Before great *Cæſar's* Charriot, ſhewing there
With different geſtures their diſdain, or fear.
How many lands, and ſtately Cities there,
Diſplay'd in his triumphal tables were,
Where skilful hands had woven to delight,
So many Nations, ſeveral kinds of fight,
With his proud conqueſts, and ſucceſsful toiles;
By which were born the armes, and wealthy ſpoiles
Of vanquiſh'd Princes, Crowns of burniſh'd gold
For all the wondring people to behold.

But if ye Muſes in ſo high a State,
Diſdain to mourn for each Plebeian Fate;
Yet paſs not ſleightly by that princely Gaul,
Stout *Vercingetorix*, for whoſe great fall (thought,
Some hearts relented there; whoſe ſtobborn
Could not at all in nine years war be taught
To brook with patience the proud yoke of Rome:
Who now reſerv'd for death by *Cæſar's* doom,
Before the Charriot a chain'd Captive went,
Striving in vain t' orecome the diſcontent
Of that days ſhame; and, though his hands were ty'd,
Shaking his black curl'd locks, he ſought to hide
His angry front, whil'ſt his undaunted look
Seem'd more to wiſh, than fear deaths fatal ſtroke.
Another object, though unlike to this,
Yet fall'n alike from height of wordly bliſs,
Mov'd the beholders hearts; they earn'd to ſee,
The tender beauties of *Arſinoë*
A virgin, (a) branch of *Lagus* royal Stem,
That once had worn th' Ægyptian Diadem,
By Fortune thrown into ſo low a ſtate
Of bondage now; pittying her changed fate:
Thoſe ſnow-white arms that did a Scepter hold,
(Oh, mock of Fortune) mannacl'd in gold:
Although for her a gentler doom than death
Remain, and *Cæſar's* pitty ſpare her breath,
Or elſe his ends in love reſtore her back
Again to Ægypt for her ſiſters ſake:
How much (alas!) had there her blood been ſpilt,
Had Fortune tane from *Cleopatra's* guilt?
For all the favour, which t' *Arſinoë*
Rome ſhow'd, repriv'd her but a while, to be
In after-times her ſiſters crime, and dye
By *Cleopatra's* foul impiety.
But that in Libya's triumph, which above
All other objects might deſerve to move
A juſt compaſſion (if true innocence
In miſery may juſtly move the ſenſe)
Was young Prince *Juba*, led in chains, the ſon
Of that great *Juba*, whoſe dominion

Fro

From Mauritnia's fartheſt Weſtern end,
To Thera's ſands ſo lately did extend:
Whoſe puiſſant hand a prouder Scepter bore,
Than ever Libyan Monarch did before.
This poor (*b*) young Prince by Fortune ſeem'd to be
Brought as a ſpectacle of miſery,
Depriv'd ſo lately of ſo many lands,
And ere, his years could act a crime, in bands.
But Oh (how blind are mortal eyes?) that day
Of ſeeming woe, firſt made the glorious way
To *Juba's* future happineſs; and he
Was far more bleſt in that captivity,
Than if his fathers greatneſs ſtill had ſtood.
Traind up at Rome he gaind a truer good;
And freed from barbarifme, was taught to know
What Rome, or learned Athens could beſtow;
Adorning ſo his mind, as wiſeſt men
In every age admir'd his happy pen.
So that to grace his future proſperous reign,
(For great *Auguſtus* hand reſtor'd again
This captive *Juba* to a kingly Throne)
A laſting name his hiſtories have won,
And fame unto his native Libya give; (live,
Where with himſelf thoſe mention'd Kings ſhall
When brazen Monuments are eat with ruſt,
And Marble Columns time ſhall bruiſe to duſt,
And had the Pontick King, (*c*) *Pharnaces* been
In perſon there, and by the people ſeen,
That object well had ballanc'd with delight
The others ruth; but he was ſcap'd by flight:
Whoſe abſence one proud ſentence muſt ſupply,
I came, I ſaw, and vanquiſh'd th' enemy.
But thoſe ſad ſtories, which the tables ſhow,
More than the living ſpectacles could do,
Affect the peoples hearts: for there (although
No vanquiſh'd Roman might a captive go)
The bleeding wounds of Rome it ſelf are ſpread;
And each man there his own dear loſs may read.
For mixt with forreign conqueſts, with the falls
Of barbarous Captains, Princes of the Gauls,

With dying *Juba*, drowned *Ptolomey*,
Thoſe envious Tables to the eyes diſplay
Domeſtick loſs; and in ſad figures tell,
By *Cæſar's* ſword what vanquiſh'd Romans fell.
Here with King *Juba* old *Petreius* dies,
Here ſlaughter'd *Sylla*, there *Affranius* lies:
There *Demaſippus* and *Terquatus* fall;
And here (Oh woful ſight!) Romes General,
The noble *Scipio* by his own hand ſlain,
Falls bleeding down into the watry main;
And ſinking leaves a noble crimſon dye
On *Neptunes* face: but what true Roman eye
Refrain'd from tears, when he beheld the fall
Of matchleſs *Cato*, who, in ſpight of all
His friends prevention, dy'd, and wider tore
With his own hands the wounds he made before?
Yet 'mongſt ſo many woful ſtories ſhown,
One noble name was ſpar'd, one Fate alone
Was thought too ſad; nor to the peoples eye
Dur'ſt they preſent Great *Pompey's* tragedy,
For fear ſo great a ſorrow might out-weigh
The pompous joyes of that triumphant day:
But that conceal'd, which moſt of all was ſought,
Remain'd more deeply fixt in every thought,
And they, without a picture, can ſupply
Each part of his lamented hiſtory.

What tongue, what pen can at the height relate
Each ſumptuous part of that ſo envy'd State?
The publike feaſts, rare ſpectacles diviſ'd
And games by all the people exercis'd;
Who without number flock'd to do him grace:
When all the Senate from the Julian place
Waited him home, and ſeem'd not then to be
The worlds high Lords, but *Cæſar's* family.
And as they paſs, to guild their pompous way,
Numberleſs lights the Elephants diſplay
Upon their captive backs, and moving through
The ſtreets, like heavenly Conſtellations ſhow,
Like thoſe great beaſts, which in th' Horizon plac'd
Through every paſt with glorious Stars are grac'd.

Nor

Nor in vain ſhows was this magnificence
Alone conſum'd, but real Monuments,
Which his great power to after-ages prais'd:
A ſtately Temple he to (*d*) *Venus* rais'd,
Or in devotion, or in pride to grace
That Deity from whom he drew his race,
That now the Paphian Queen by *Cæſar's* reign,
Might ſeem a truer conqueſt to obtain
Ore blew-ey'd *Pallas*, and the wife of *Ioue*,
Than when they for the golden Apple ſtrove,
And *Paris* fatal judgement did beſtow,
The prize on her to Iliums overthrow.
For Rome and all the conquer'd world far more,
Are forced now to honour and adore
Her name than theirs, ſo much it was to be
Th' original of *Cæſar's* pedigree,
More than the daughter, or the wife of *Ioue*:
The Temples ſtructure in rare beauty ſtrove,
With what the height of fancy could expreſs,
Or any pens moſt graceful happineſs
Deſcribe aright: upon the Walls did ſtand
In Parean marble wrought with curious hand,
That amorous ſtory where the Phrygian boy
The beauty of a goddeſs did enjoy:
The vale of *Ida* there was ſhadow'd ſuch,
As Poets made it, Ida vale ſo much
Indebted to the Muſes, ſeemed now
Unto a Painters hand as much to owe:
The bower of Love was richly carved there
That happy bower of bliſs and pleaſure, where
Venus deſcended from the Chriſtal skie,
To generate the Julian family;
Was as a Bride in all her glories led,
To fill with beauty young *Anchiſes* bed.
Neer them their noble Iſſue, in whoſe blood
A goddeſs mixt with man, *Æneas* ſtood;
Such was his ſhape, ſo ſhone his cheerful face
As young *Apollo's*, when he goes to grace
His native *Delos*, and in height of ſtate
That Feſtival intends to celebrate,

Or *Bacchus*, when from conquer'd India,
The yoked Tygars his proud Chariot draw,
Trojan *Æneas* whose fam'd history,
Great *Maro's* Muse did after raise as high,
As th'old *Maonian* did *Achilles* fame.
But that most pious posture more became
Æneas far, when at the fatal sack
Of Troy, he stoop'd, and on a willing back
Flying from thence, carry'd his aged Sire
From the Greeks Swords, and all-devouring Fire,
Together with his gods, whom he priz'd more
Than *Priam's* wealth, and all Troys burning store.
Behind was yong *Iülus*, and did seem
With short unequal steps to follow him,
That Prince from whom the Julian family,
Deriv'd their name, as well as pedigree,
Who the foundations of long Alba laid,
And ore that land a powerful Scepter sway'd,
By him the Scepter'd issues of his blood,
In their successive order carved stood;
Till Alba was destroy'd by *Tullus* doom,
And all her people were transferr'd to Rome;
From Alba's sack the pedigree went on;
And was deduced lineally down
To *Cæsar's* time; in whose sucess and reign.
Alba had seem'd to conquer Rome again.
But into th'hazard once again to throw
A State so strong, so sure as *Cæsar's* now,
Seem'd to the world to be, a furious (e) war
More full of threats, of doubt and danger far
Than ever had as yet oppos'd his reign,
The two young *Pompeys* raise in fartherst Spain
There where the great *Alcides* pillars stand,
And proudly boast to bound the farthest land.
That part of Spain must prove the third sad stage
Of Civil war, and Romes self-wounding rage.
Those, that inhabite that far Western shore,
Vainly suppose that they alone, before
The setting Sun forsake this hemisphere,
Do view his face at naerer distance there

Than other men, than other countries can;
And that he falls into their Ocean
As Poets taught; or elſe his lofty Sphere
Bows down more near the Globe terreſtrial there,
Becauſe his beautious Orb, before the ſet,
Unto their eyes appear more large and great.
Thoſe miſtie foggs and vapours that ariſe
From that great Sea, which interpoſed lies,
Breaking diffuſe the rays, from th'eyes that went,
Or elſe inlarge the objects figure ſent,
And make the ſetting Sun ſeem greater ſo,
As bright things largeſt in the water ſhow:
Whence they ſcarce any twilight have at all,
Either at *Phœbus* riſing, or his fall;
Day breaks together with the riſing Sun,
And day together with the ſet is done.
All Spain, in figure of a bullocks hide,
Is by the Ocean waſh'd on every ſide,
And made almoſt an Iſle, ſave where her ground
The Pyrenæan hills from France do bound:
From whoſe Eaſt end (for old diſcription makes
Five ſides of Spain) the firſt beginning takes,
And Weſt-ward thence unto the Gades extends,
But by the way to South obliquely bends;
And is invirond by the mid-land Seas,
Where ſtand thoſe Ilands Balearides,
From whence *Metellus* took his famous ſtile,
Fair Ebuſus, and that ſmall inaky Iſle.
The ſecond ſide from Gades, (of ſmall extent)
Is to the Sacred promontory bent;
In which ſhort ſpace, two rivers, of no ſmall
Account in Spain, into the Ocean fall,
Extis and Anas; far their channels ſpread,
And from the ſilver mountains both take head:
Both their great channels do at laſt divide,
And make two Ilands by the Oceans ſide:
From thence the third ſide in a line extends,
And at the Nerian promontory ends,
From South directly North it goes; this bound
Of Spain doth Weſtward know no further ground:

That all along the boundleſs Ocean laves,
Thither the golden Tagus rouls his waves,
Winding through Luſitania, and into
That Ocean doth in one great channel flow:
From thence the Northern ſide of Spain extends,
And at the Pyrenæan mountains ends,
Bounded along by the Cantabrian Sea;
Within thoſe ſhores the wildeſt Nations be
The barbarous Celtæ, rough Aſturians,
And (thoſe that name the Sea) Cantabrians:
But laſt of all, the fifth and North-eaſt ſide
The Pyrenæi make, which do divide
Gallia from Spain, which by their wondrous height
Might ſeem to threat the Skies, and once more fright
The gods with a Gigantick war: that ſide
Of thoſe high Mountains, which ſurveys the pride
Of wealthy France, doth bare and barren ſhow,
Cloth'd with no graſs, no trees at all there grow:
The other ſide, which barren Spain ore-ſees
Shews like a fruitful ſummer, cloth'd with trees
Which never do their verdant colour loſe:
And ſo to both th' adjacent Countries ſhows,
As if to cloth himſelf, he had rob'd Spain,
And loſt his own, to make France rich again.
That lofty Mountain (if we truſt to Fame)
Did from the fair *Pyrene* take his name,
When great *Alcides* moved by the fame
Of King *Geryon's* ſtately cattel, came
From Greece, to fetch that wealthy ſpoil away,
Entring the bounds of Spain, he there made ſtay.
King *Bebrix* then ore all thoſe Mountains reign'd
And there with Feaſts *Alcides* entertain'd:
The conquering gueſt by fate unhappy, ſpy'd
Pyrene daughter to the King, and try'd
With inward flames; at laſt, while there he ſtay'd,
His charming words had wonn the royal maid,
He vows his love ſtill conſtant ſhall remain,
And when with conqueſt he returns again,
Eſpouſal rites: but cruel Fates deny,
And make *Alcides* ſlow in victory,

Too

Too slow, alas! nor could the fight be try'd
Ere fair *Pyrene* miserably dy'd.
Her swelling womb now 'gan the fact reveal,
Nor could the longer her stoln love conceal,
When fearing her stern Fathers wrathful spight,
Into the woods she takes a secret flight:
There all alone to caves, and sentlets trees
Shee wailes her Fate, and calls great *Hercules*,
Or false, or slow; till some fell beasts that were
More savage than their kind, had seized her,
And whilest in vain, alas! she did implore
Her absent lover, her to pieces tore.
Seven times had *Cynthia* fill'd her wained light,
When he return'd with conquest from the fight;
And laden with *Geryons* wealthy spoils
The recompence of his successful toils,
Sought for *Pyrene*, but inforc'd to find
What oft before his sad mis giving mind
Made him suspect, distraught with grief and woes
Among the woods, and craggy hills he goes
In search of her, and with a mournful sound,
Calls his *Pyrene*; all the hills rebound
Pyrene's name; the hills themselves did shake,
The savage beasts, and mountain-robbers quake
No Tygers prey'd, nor Lions durst to move,
Whilest great *Alcides* sought his wretched Love.
But wandring through the solitary wood,
When he had found her limbs, and understood
Pyrenes wretched Fate, Oh Love, (quoth he)
'Twas my accurled ablence murther'd thee:
What savage beast durst this? What power above
Suffer'd so much against *Alcides* Love?
Oh would *Geryons* spoils had all been lost,
And I nere stirr'd from this beloved coast:
Then gathering up those sad dear reliques, there
Within the Mountains side he did interre
His Love and sorrow. This small Tombe (alas)
When times strong hand (quoth he) shall quite deface,
Thy state shall greater be, and time to come,
Shall reckon all those hills, *Pyrenes* Tomb:

The Fates conſented, and by laſting fame
Thoſe Mountains ever bore *Pyrenes* name.
The two young *Pompey's* with their powers, not far
From Gades now marching, meant to ſeat the war
In that rich country, where fair Bætis flows,
And on the region his own name beſtows,
(Though Turdetania, from the men that came
To plant it firſt, be yet another name.)
There they the fatal Munda do poſſeſs
A town yet famous for their dire ſucceſs
With other Towns not far, Ategua,
And Ucubis, and ſtately Corduba
That old Patritian Colony, whoſe name
The births of great and learned Romans fame.
The Turdetanian region may for rare
And wondrous gifts of nature well compare,
With any piece of earth; no other ſoil
Does more reward th'induſtrious plough-mans toil
With rich increaſe; no other paſtures keep
Moe horned heards, moe wealthy-fleeced ſheep,
Thoſe many branches, which from Bætis flow,
Such wealth on all the neighbouring fields beſtow;
Whoſe yellow banks, no leſs then Tagus is,
Are ſtor'd with metals of the higheſt price
In every place; more gold no barren ground
Affords, than in that wealthy glebe is found:
Which nature ſeldome does together give;
And happy might the Turdetanians live,
But that their Country too too happy is,
And on their conqueſt ſets too high a price.
Their wealthy grounds are oft the ſeat of war,
And prey to every powerful Conqueror:
There Rome and Carthage fought, and did maintain
Their rival forces with the wealth that Spain
Afforded there, while Fortuen doubted yet
Which land to make the worlds Imperial ſeat.
When like to Titius fruitful liver, they
Suſtain'd thoſe birds, to whom they were a prey;
And ſuffering Spain by thoſe great factions rent,
That Vulture fed which did it ſelf torment;

Nor

Nor lies the gold of that rich region
Deep in the bowels of the earth alone,
Thence to be digg'd up with a toil as great
As is the value; there they need not ſweat
In gathering wealth, nor need they far to fly
From day, or threaten Pluto's Monarchy
With their deep labours; the rich metal's found
Upon the gliſtering ſurface of the ground,
And lies on rivers banks commixt with ſand,
Or elſe with duſt upon the drier land,
And Mountains tops: what reaſon can be found
Should ſo inrich the upper part of ground
Unleſs you truſt a tale? When *Phaëton*
Did erſt miſguide the Charriot of the Sun,
And ſcorch'd the earth; the nature then of all
Theſe grounds Sulphurious was, and Mineral;
The metals melted by the Sun, fry'd up,
And ſo with eaſe are gather'd at the top.
To *Pompey's* army, while they there remain,
The ſeveral nations from all parts of Spain
(Beſides thoſe ſcattered troops from Thapſus fled,
Which *Labienus* there and *Varus* led)
Adjoyn themſelves; the fierce Cantabrians,
That think it baſe to yeild to Natures hands
Their lives, as if beſtow'd for war alone;
Gallecians skill'd in divination;
The Callaicians too, whoſe men intend
Nothing but war, and ſtill in rapine ſpend
Their ventrous lives, uſing the womens hands
To all works elſe, to ſow and plough the lands:
From old Ilerda, that ſo lately try'd
Romes Civil wars; comes aid to *Pompey's* ſide:
From Minius bankes come bold Aſturians,
From golden Tagus Lutitanians;
Fierce Ceretans, *Alcides* Souldiers,
The light-arm'd Vaſcon, that no helmet wears:
And Concani, that in their drink expreſs
Themſelves deriv'd from wilde Maſſagetes,
Their greateſt thirſt with horſes blood they ſlake.
The Celtiberians, that mixt birth did take

From Gauls and Spaniards; who do ever burn
Their friends dead bodies, and extreamly mourn
(Accounting it the worſt unhappineſs)
If Wolves, or Vultures their dead limbs ſhould ſeize.
From Sucro's banks come Hedetan ſupplies,
And from the lofty towers of Setabis:
The Vettones, the Oretanians too,
And th' enſignes of Parnaſſian Caſtulo,
With all the Spaniſh Nations elſe, whom love
Of old dead *Pompey* to the war did move.

Annotations upon the fifth Book.

a *This* Arſinoë, *which had in the tumult of Ægypt been ſaluted Queen by the Souldiers (as was before declared) and afterwards by* Cæſar *apprehended, and have led in triumph (according to* Dion*) and releaſed at the ſuit of her ſiſter* Cleopatra *then Queen of Ægypt, was afterwards murthered by the ſame* Cleopatra *(as* Joſephus *reports) for* Cleopatra *in the time of* Marcus Antonius *the Triumuir, did by her cruelty extinguiſh the royal blood of the* Ptolemeys, *and impatient of any that might afterwards prove rivals to her in that government, did not only poyſon young* Ptolemey *her brother, whom* Cæſar *had made her huſband, but cauſed her ſiſter* Arſinoë *to be murdered as ſhe was at her Devotion in the Temple.* Joſeph. l. 15. de antiq.

(b) *This* Juba (*ſaith* Plutarch) *was happy in his captivity, and loſs of his ſo great an inheritance, for at Rome he obtained happy education, and inſtead of a barbarous Prince became a learned and judicious writer: he is mentioned by divers of thoſe ages; he wrote Commentaries of the Lybian Kings, and divers obſervations of his own times; he was induſtrious in the ſtudy of natural Philoſophy, and ſearching the natures of hearbs & plants; he was the firſt that found out the vertues and malignity of the herb Euphorbium, and called it by the name of his chief Phyſition: he ſerved* Auguſtus Cæſar *in his wars againſt* Marcus Antonius, *and was afterwards by his bounty reſtored to a Crown (though not to all the Dominions of his father) and married* Cleopatra *the daughter of* M. Antonius & Cleopatra. *Strab. l.* 7.

(I

(c) Pharnaces *had escaped by flight, and was slain by* Asander, *who rebelled against him, to whom he had committed the government of Bosphorus in his absence: so that his Person was not led in Triumph; the conquest of* Pharnaces (*saith* Dion) *though it were not glorious by reason it was so easily obtained, yet* Cæsar *much gloried in it by reason of the speed, and that he might carrie those three words in Triumph,* Veni, vidi, vici. Dion. lib. 42.

(d) Cæsar *was especially magnificent in doing honour* (*saith* Dion) *to* Venus, *whom he accounted, and desired to have it generally believed, the original of his pedigree; from her also* (*as* Appian *reports*) *he would glorie that he had received beauty of body, she being the Queen of Love and Beautie.*

(e) Cæsar *after all these Triumphs, and assurances of greatnesse was yet threatned by a third war in Spain: a war* (*saith* Dion) *not to be contemned; nay, far greater and more full of danger than all his former wars: the battel of Munda* (*saith* Florus) *for furie, slaughter, and crueltie as much exceeded Thapsus, as Thapsus did Pharsalia, &c.*

THE

THE SIXTH BOOK.

The Argument of the sixth Book.

Varus *by* Didius *on the stormy Main*
Is vanquished: Cæsar *arrives in Spain,*
And raises Pompey's *siege from Vlia's walls*;
He takes Ategua: *both Generals*
Remov'd from thence, the war to Munda bear:
Cæsar's *despaire*; *his mens unusual fear*;
A bloudy conquest they at last obtain,
Young Pompey, Varus, Labienus *slain.*

BUt ere the Tragick war arriv'd in Spain,
And did with bloud the continent distain,
The Ocean bore it, and was first the Stage
Of this third furie, and revived rage:
There where th' extended Libyan coast doth meet
Almost with Spains Tartessus, *Varus* Fleet
Guarded the straightened Sea in *Pompey's* name;
Thither for *Cæsar Didius* Navie came:
Two shores their furie at neer distance saw,
Fearing to whether land the war would draw;
But Affrick bled before; what did remain
Of Romes dissentions, Fates decreed to Spain:
That narrow point of Sea on all four sides
Great lands from lands, great Seas from Seas divides,
In breadth the Libyan continent and Spain,
In length th' Iberian and great Western main.
The Navies scarce their furious fight began,
When all in waves the threatning Ocean
Swell'd up; and they encounter'd from the Sea
As great a danger as the war could be.
The Southern wind from Tingitania blows;
And from the Western Ocean *Corus* rose;

Fierce

Fierce *Boreas* met them from the Spanish coast,
And now the Sea on every side was tost;
Their several waves the different winds did move,
As if that *Æolus* and *Neptune* strove
A war so sad and wicked to prevent
Or drown both Fleets while they were innocent.
But greater was their dire desire of fight
Than was the Oceans rage, or winds despight:
To impious war through storms as rough they go
As would the greediest venturing Merchant do
For Parma's wealthy fleeces, Spains rich ore,
Or brightest gemmes from th' Erythræan shore.
But when no space almost at all divides
Both eager Fleets, the rowers take their sides,
Tugge at the oar, and (though the Ocean raves)
With arms unweary'd cut the curled waves:
The horrid showting of the Souldiers drown'd
All noise of rowing and shrill Trumpets sound.
Yet all these sounds, and all the noise of war
The winds, and louder storms out roared far
With which, and Darts, the air is darkned round;
Ships against Ships, beaks meeting beaks resound:
Some by their own endevours meet their foes,
Others the winds and stormy Seas expose.
Before they thought; to trial of the war,
Dashing together with more furie far,
The adverse ships, than else they would have met;
Now grew the horrour and confusion great:
Their fears were different; some, while others fought,
Repair'd those ruins which the storm had wrought,
And stopp'd their leaking Ships, preventing so
The certain danger of a nearer foe:
Nor could stout *Didius* now his Souldiers cheer,
Or guide his Fleet; the tempest every where
Is onely heard; but leaving his commands
Puts all into the winds and Fortunes hands;
No more could *Varus* for young *Pompey* do:
Guided dy chance against each other go
Th' amazed Fleets; some vessels sides bor'd through
By sharp and brazen stems; nor do they know

Sure-

Surely to whom they do their ruin ow,
Whether the weathers furie or the foe.
Nor did confusion of all sounds affright
The ears alone; but through that horrid night,
With showr-black clouds, & skies tempestuous brought
With no small terrour the wing'd lightning shot:
No other light to them the day could give;
No other fire in such a storm could live.
Some Ships now almost taken by the foes,
The Swelling Sea with violence orethrows,
And vindicates their honour from surprize;
Some sink, when boorded by the enemies,
Drowning the victors, and the vanquish'd see
A quick revenge of their captivitie.
Fortune did seem against both sides to fight
A while, and wreak in common her despight,
But long it held not; She at last decided
The day, and shew'd for whom she had provided
So great a labour of the troubled Main;
And *Cæsar's* forces a full conquest gain:
Though *Didius* blush it should be thought that he
Ow'd to such aids as those the victorie.
Varus perceives the Fates themselves conspire
On *Cæsar's* side, and forced to retire:
When now he saw part of his hapless powers
Orewhelm'd, part seized by the conquerours,
With his poor remnant flies, and gets into
Carteias harbour; thence by land to go
To *Pompey's* Camp; *Pompey* at Ulla stay'd,
And siege in vain to that strong Citie lay'd.
Cæsar with more than his accustom'd speed
(By which his great designs did still succeed)
Hasts to the war in Spain, and gone from Rome
In seventeen days was to Sagunthus come,
That true Sagunthus, whose so Tragick fall
Did once upbraid the Heavens, and envie call
Upon their Justice, till th' offenders fate,
And final ruin of the Punike State
Absolv'd the gods again: with Chrystal waves
The Cities Western side fair Durias laves,

Clo-

Clothing with verdant grass th' adjoyning plain,
And gently slides into th' Iberian Main.
His quick arrival, unexpected there,
With sudden joy did all the Souldiers cheer:
With speed as great from thence he marches on
Thorough the Celtiberian region,
Not Duria's stream, nor mount Idubeda,
Nor Sucro's rapid flood his course could stay,
Nor that high glittering Mountain, that for fame
Of his great wealth retaines the silver name:
From whose descent rich Bætis takes his head;
Along the shore of Bætis *Cæsar* led
His cheerful Souldiers on to Corduba;
Either to take that wealthy Town, or draw
Pompey from Ulla's siege; the first in vain
Cæsar assay'd, the last he did obtain:
For *Pompey* straight, although within the Town
His brother *Sextus* lay in Garrison,
Abandons Ulla, and 'gainst *Cæsar* goes;
Who from the walls, of Corduba arose
Before his foes approch, loth there to trie
The utmost hazard of a war so high.
But passing thence ore Salsus stream, does lay
With more success, siege to Ategua,
And wins the Town, maugre the feeble aid
Munatius brought: but there while *Cæsar* stay'd,
A fair ostent the gods were pleas'd to shew,
A towring Eagle long ore *Cæsar* flew
Till seeming wearie, with a fair descent
It gently pearch'd on young *Octavius* tent,
Who follow'd then his Father to the war
A good presage the augurs all declare,
And not alone to shew the wars success,
But young *Octavius* future happiness:
But not so soon, alas, could they foresee
The full effect of this fair augurie:
How many civil wounds did yet remain
Ere Rome with patience brook a *Cæsar*'s reign,
And for her safetie be inforc'd to flie
To Great *Augustus* happy Monarchie?

For

For thee, great Prince, and thy insuing State
Was Rome oppresst, and *Julius* fortunate;
For thee were *Marius* crimes, and *Sylla's* wrought:
For thee was Thapsus and Pharsalia fought,
That Rome in those dire Tragedies might see
What horrid dangers follow'd libertie:
And thou at last a welcome conqueror,
Might'st those high titles without envie wear,
Which mightie *Julius* with a toil so great,
With so much bloud and envie striv'd to get.
Thou then anew that powerful State shalt mould,
And long the Worlds high Scepter safely hold
Above all Rivals plac'd; thy god like State
No force shall shake; when shutting *Janus* gate,
Thou shalt set ope the sacred Thespian spring,
And there securely hear the Muses sing,
Whose stately lays still keep thy deathless fame,
And make immortal Great *Augustus* name:
Nor ever did the Arts so truly reign,
Nor sung the Muses in so pure a strain
As then they did, to grace thy glorious time;
As if the Muse before lack'd power to clime,
Or else disdain'd her highest notes to raise,
Till such a Monarch liv'd to give the Bayes.
Griev'd for Ategua's loss, and fearing now
That other Towns would, following Fortune, go
To *Cæsar's* partie, and his cause forsake,
Pompey resolves with all his strength to make
A speedy trial of a war so great,
And on one hazard his whole Fortune set.
To Munda's fatal fields was *Cæsar* gone;
Thither young *Pompey's* armie marches on:
The Town was hi-; and neer the Town, arose
An high and spatious hill; where *Pompey* chose
T' incampe his men; from whence he might survay
The plains below where *Cæsar's* armie lay.
No prodigies foretoke the black event
Of that days wondrous battel, no ostent
At all was show'd from seas, earth, air, or skies,
No entrails spake, no birds gave auguries:

Those

Thoſe ſad portents, that us'd to ſtrike a fear
At other times in men, were ſpared there.
Yet were their fears far greater; they ſuſpect
The ſilence of the gods, loth to detect
So great a ruin as did then enſue:
Horrour invades their breaſts; although they knew
No cauſe from whence thoſe ſtrange amazements grow
No outward ſigns appear'd, their threatnings now
Were inward all; they make, by ſad ſurmiſe
Within themſelves a thouſand prodigies.
In *Pompey's* camp th' amazed Souldiers
Sad ſilence kept, diſtraught 't wixt deſp'rate fears,
And tragick hopes; pale horrour to their eys
Seems to preſent the future Tragedies,
And the dear ghoſts of ſlaughter'd friends appear:
Yet know not they whether themſelves ſhould fear,
Or hope their hands ſhou'd make th' enſuing Fate.
On one ſide *Cæſar's* Fortune does abate
Their confidence too much; on tother they
Reſolve, overcome, not to out-live the day:
But (Oh ſtrange Fate!) the bold Cæſarians
Grow faint and heartleſs; and thoſe active hands,
That had ſo often drawn their Countries bloud,
And 'gainſt all Laws for *Cæſar's* fortune ſtood;
That had before to their ſucceisful toils,
Promis'd the Worlds ſole ſway, and wealthy ſpoils
Of every nation, quake, and faulter here,
Nor from each other can conceal their fear.
How dear this field would coſt, what 'twas to go,
Againſt the furie of a deſperate foe, (friends
Their trembling thoughts revolve; nor to their
Shame they to utter it; thoſe dauntleſs minds,
That met with joy Pharſalia's dreadful day,
Thoſe that at Thapſus battel could not ſtay
The Generals command; preventing there
The ſignal, now both fight and ſighal fear.
But that the fear, which did his Camp invade
Might not ſeem ſtrange, *Cæſar* himſelf was ſad
Before the battel, and that cheerful look,
That uſual vigour, whence his Souldiers took

Happie

Happie presages still, was changed there;
Nor did his wonted confidence appear:
Perhaps revolving the uncertain Fate
Of things, and frailtie of man's highest state,
And how unceasant storms do beat upon
The lostie Cedars, learns to fear his own
By others mightie falls so lately wrought:
Or Fortune elie presenting to his thought
Her many favours, and his long success,
He weigh'd the time of *Pompey's* happiness,
Who in her favour claim'd as great a share
As he could now, before Pharsalia's war.
That he arrived now as high in State
As *Pompey* was; might fear Great *Pompey's* Fate:
Whose fall (though wrought for him) had let him see
Fortunes great power, and strange unconstancie:
But lest his sadness should too much dismay
The Souldiers hearts before so great a day,
He recollects himself, and with fain'd chear,
And forced looks, taught to dissemble fear,
Trusts to his army speaks; Victorious troups,
On whose known valour more than *Cæsar's* hopes,
His certain State depends, see here in Spain
This fainting *Hydra* yet shoots forth againe
His last weak heads; let that Herculean might,
That lopt the first, and strongest off in fight,
Make perfect your great labour, which requires
The last hand here: of all your large desires
You are free masters, when this field is fought,
Though all the world for fresh supplies were sought,
In Fortunes power it lies not to expose
Your quiet State again, or find you foes.
But what are these that once again should dare
Molest our peace with unexpected war?
What can these barbarous half-arm'd Nations do?
Or what unfain'd affection can they ow
To *Pompey's* side? or do they fear his name,
And have not heard enough of *Cæsars* fame?
Have not the wars by old Ilerda taught (brought
Our strength to Spain? what Roman powers are
Thither,

Thither, but young raw Souldiers, and unskill'd
In Militarie arts, that nere beheld
A foe before? and those poor few that know
The war, are such as have been beat by you;
And bring more fear than help unto their side;
Will *Varus* troups your well-known strenght abide?
Or that so often vanquish'd runnagate
False *Labienus*, long maintain the Fate
Of his young general? Brave Souldiers on,
Perfect that work that is so neerly done.
His speech no shouts, no acclamation finds,
Nor could it raise their sad dejected minds:
And though, the signal given, all Trumpets sound,
And *Pompey's* armie from the upper ground
Make down to charge, the cold Cæsarians
Dare not approch, nor follow the commands
Of their great General; when *Cæsar* fill'd
With grief and rage, seizing a Spear and Shield;
This day, quoth he (no more my Souldiers)
Shall end the life of *Cæsar*, and your wars;
Remember whom you leave; then forth he flies
Alone to charge th' amazed enemies;
Who, till their wonder was expell'd by hope,
Awhile made stand; at last from all the troups
'Gainst *Cæsar's* head whole storms of Javelins come;
Some in his shield he does receive, and some
Avoids, declining of his body down;
Till shame not courage brought his Souldiers on
To save their General; and 'gainst the foe
They do begin a fight so (*a*) furious now,
As it with this new rage they would appear
To recompence their ignominious (*b*) fear
Th' auxiliary troups on either side
Gave back, and left the battel to be try'd
By none but Roman hands; who man to man,
And foot to foot a constant fight began
With so great horrour, as who had beheld
Pharsalia's fight, or Thapsus bloudy field
Would have esteem'd those furies light, and thought
He nere saw war till Munda's field was fought.

Both

Both Generals alike 't wixt hope and fear,
With needleſs ſpeeches their fierce Souldiers chear,
Till weary'd with the toil, they both retire,
And from two little hills behold the dire
Encounter of their men; when *Ceſar's* eys,
That drie, had view'd whole Nations tragedies,
Began to melt; and whyleſt bright victorie,
Ore both the armies hover'd doubtfully,
Ceſar and *Pompey* had forgot their hopes,
And onely pity'd their engaged troups,
Fearing both armies in the place would die,
And leave no conqueſt, but one tragedie.
A baleful ſilence on the ſudden then
Poſſeſt the field; no ſhowts of fighting men
Were heard; as if they labour'd to keep in
Their ſpirits for action; hands alone were ſeen
To move, and write in bloudy Characters
Their deep reſolves: young *Pompey's* Souldiers
Beyond this day diſdain to hope at all;
And *Ceſar's* men promiſe, in *Pompey's* fall
To all their toils a rich and quiet cloſe,
And that the World no more can find them foes:
At laſt the battels fortune ſeem'd to lean
To *Pompey's* tide, and *Ceſars* fainting men
Gave back apace, nor ſcarce with all their might
Could the Centurions ſtay their open flight:
When *Ceſar* arm'd with high diſpair, preparing
The fatal Ponyard, which he wore, and baring
His manly breaſt, thus ſpeakes; Oh Fortune, now
I ſee thou wants not power to overthrow
What ere thou build'ſt: but I accuſe not thee;
Enough already haſt thou done for me:
Enough have thy tranſcendent favours grac'd (laſt
My lives whole courſe: ſhould'ſt thou not change at
Perhaps the erring World might cenſure me
More than a man, and thee no Deitie:
I that ſo long have thy high favours known,
Can thus ſecurely entertain thy frown.
There had he dy'd; but as kind mothers do
Oft let their children neer to dangers goe,

That

That then, when they perceive them most affraid,
They may the more indear their timely aid:
So Fortune finds an unexpected way
To save his fate; whilest yet his men made stay
And kept the field, King *Bogud*, that without
The battel stood, wheels suddenly about
To seize young *Pompey's* Camp; which to prevent
Leaving his station, *Labienus* went,
And with him drew five cohorts from the fight:
Which action chang'd the battels fortune quite;
Whilest hapless errour through both armies flew,
And *Pompey's* battel suddenly orethrew;
For misconceit that *Labienus* fled
Had quite disheartened his own side, and bred
In *Cæsar's* Souldiers most assured hopes:
Nor could young *Pompey* stay his flying troops,
Too late (alas) it was to make them know
What hapless errour caus'd their overthrow;
For routed once ore all the field they fly
A prey to the pursuing enemy.
Unhappy *Attius Varus*, where he stood
Environ'd round with carcasses and bloud;
Varus, that twice before a war had led
'Gainst *Cæsar's* fortune, and twice vanquished
When he had labour'd long in vain to stay
His flying men, loth to out-live the day,
Or longer keep that often conquer'd breath,
Now rushes boldly on, to find a death
Amid'st the thickest of his enemies,
And gladly there on all their weapons d
But when (alas) sad *Labienus* view'd
How great and swift a ruin had ensu'd
Upon his hapless action, curling Fate
And his own dire misfortune, too too late
Seeking to ralley his disorder'd troops,
He crys, 'tis I, that have undon the hopes
Of wretched Rome; 'tis I have lost the day:
Through this dire breast take your revenging way,
And expiate this fatal overthrow,
Or *Cæsar's* swords shall take revenge for you:

Then

Then (like a Lybian Lion round beſet,
Arm'd with a high deſpair and rage as great)
Careleſs of wounds or weapons, forth he goes
To ſell a loathed life deer to his foes:
Till by a thouſand ſwords at laſt he dies
And to the ſhades his angry ſpirit flies.
Pompey perceives his army overthrown,
And now the loſs irreparable grown,
And though he ſee no cauſe that ſhould invite
Him to out-live the fury of the night,
His own freſh youth perſwads him t' entertain
A future hope to raiſe his ſtate again:
High mounted on a Spaniſh Steed he flies
(Leaving in field his routed companies)
With ſpeed, Carteia's harbour to attain,
And ſail from thence. but to diſaſtrous Spain
Sterne Fates the death of this young man decree;
And he ere long the ſelf ſame deſtinie
Forc'd to endure on Spains unhappy ground,
That his great Father in falſe Ægypt found.
His brother (*e*) *Sextus* ſcap'd from that ſad day
Fortune long hides in Celtiberia
To raiſe his State again, again to breath
Freſh war and ruin after *Cæſar's* death,
And once again with faction rend the State
In that ſad time of Romes Triumvirate.
The fight was done, and nothing now enſu'd
But impious rage, and murder, the purſu'd
To *Pompey's* Camp and Munda's walls (alas)
For refuge fled, but vain that refuge was.
So horrid now was the Cæſarians rage,
That neither piety could their heat allwage
Nor ſtrength defend their wretched enemies
From their dire force, on every ſide the cries
And groans of dying men are heard alone.
Never ſo ſavage cruelty was ſhown
Againſt the worſt of forreign foes, as then
The vanquiſh'd felt from their own Countreymen:
Which moſt appear'd, when to ſurprize the Town
(A thing amongſt Barbarians never known)
The works they rais'd againſt it to maintain

The ſiege, were carcaſſes of Romanes ſlain.
Cæſar, that nere before did truly ſee
How hard it was to gain a victorie,
(Since Fortune ſtill his wiſh with eaſe had wrought,
And he for glory.not for life had fought,
Till Munda's field) recounts what he had loſt,
Grieving to find what this ſad conqueſt coſt,
He ſometimes wail'd his own ſlain Souldiers then,
Sometimes the ſlaughter'd foes,as Countrimen,
And wiſhes ſome, to whom he now might ſhow
His mercy,had ſurviv'd the overthrow;
And almoſt taxes Fortune,who that day
Had wrought his ends by ſuch an envy'd way.
Never till now did *Cæſar's* pentive breſt,
Truly revolve how tragical the beſt
Succeſs will be that Civil war affords,
And how deep wounds his ſadly conquering ſwords
Had made in th' entrails of afflicted Rome.
Now Thapſus battel, now Pharſalia come
Into his ſad remembrance; and almoſt
He wiſhes all his Triumphs had been loſt,
Rather than with ſuch horrid ſlaughter won,
And that he nere had croſſed Rubicon:
Scarce can the glories, that it brings, out-weigh
The inward ſorrow for ſo black a day. (led,
While thus Great *Cæſar's* troubled thoughts were
Ceronius enters and preſents the head
Of Noble *Pompey*, whoſe now pity'd ſtate
Call'd to remembrance his great Fathers fate,
In treacherous *Ægypt*; and no leſs than his
Inforced tears of ruth from *Cæſar's* eys.
How did he die (quoth he) relate to us
His tragedie: when thus *Ceronius*; (troups
When Munda's fields ſtrew'd with his ſlaughter'd
Young *Pompey* ſaw, and voide of preſent hopes
Fled to Carteia, to embark from thence
For forren coaſts, fearing the Citizens
And our purſuit, he left the Town again,
And quite bereft of all his ſcattered train
Wounded and lame, retir'd into a wood,

That

That not far distant from Carteia stood,
Hoping the covert of that shady place
A while might yeild him shelter from the chace.
We enter'd in, and long the wood survay'd
With curious eyes; and long in vain we stray'd:
But far within a spreading Beech there stood,
Where weary'd now, and faint through loss of blood
Alone he sate; he that had fought so late
'Gainst thee, Oh *Cæsar*, with long doubtful fate;
He whom so many Roman legions
Did lately guard, so many nations
Obey'd and serv'd, now all forsaken sate
A sad example of mans frail estate.
When I approaching bad him yeild to me
In *Cæsar's* name: never alive (quoth he,)
Let *Cæsar* see my head, for here can that
Be my disgrace, that was my Fathers fate:
By this unhappy token let him know
The heir of *Pompey*, and perceive a foe
That might have proved worthy of his fear:
So let me go to him, rather than bear
A conquerours disdain, or blushing be
The pitty'd subject of an enemy:
Nor shall you find, I prize, so cheap a life
(Though vanquished) as without any strife
To send it him: Then with a courage high
Above his strength, above the misery
Of his forsaken state, among us all
He flies; or to prevent, or fell his fall
Dear as he could; alas, for victory
Fortune forbid him hope; nor did it lie
Within the power of his unwilling foes
To save that life which he resolv'd to loose;
But meeting wounds away at last it fled:
Cæsar, with sighs, beholds the noble head,
Pitying his fall, and bids *Cenonius* bear
It thence, to find the body, and interre
Them both in such a manner, as became
Th'unhappy ruins of so great a name:
And thence, secur'd from fears, marches away

By Bætis stream, to stately Corduba,
Now the Herculian Gades, fair Hispalis,
Munda, so lately fatal, Ucubis,
Ategua, and all the other towns
Which fence the wealthy Bætick Regions,
Breath nought but peace, nor longer to oppose
Cæsar's prevailing Fortune, harbour foes.
Nor do these onely their subjection yeild
To *Cæsar*, but the farthest, the most wilde,
And savage nations, rough Asturians,
Fierce Callaicians, bold Cantabrians
From all the farthest distant shores of Spain
Do humbly sue his favour to obtain:
The love they bare to *Pompey's* name before
Was quite ore-born by Fate, and could no more
Maintain a Faction against *Cæsar's* power;
Who now a sole unrival'd conquerour,
From that subjected coast hasts to be gone
To visite Rome, which now was his alone,
And there in fearless triumphs to display
The woful glories of black Munda's day.

Annotations upon the fourth book.

a *How truly the manner of this battel is here expressed, or how far it may be lawful for one writing by the way of a Poet to digress, I leave it to the judgement of the reader: and that you may briefly see it without the labour of searching books, thus the cruel battel of Munda by two Historians of credit is described (to omit others for brevity sake.)*

Dion Cassius l. 43. *thus: At the first conflict the auxiliaries on both sides fled away; but the Romans forces encountering fiercely continued the fight long, not regarding at all what became of their associates, every man thinking that the whole victory depended upon his hand: they gave no ground nor left their station, but killing, or dying, made good the place: there were no clamours nor military shouts heard, nor hurtful groans, only these speeches, strike, kill; Cæsar and Pompey both on horseback from two hills beheld the battel, and knew not what they should resolve, but were equally distrust-*

ed between fear and confidence. And afterwards thus: So long and fiercely with equal hopes both armies fought, that unless King Bogud, who stood with his forces without the battel, had turned about to surprise the Camp of Pompey, and Labienus had left the battel to prevent him, they had all without doubt dyed in the battel, or night had parted them upon equal termes.

Florus relates it thus: Doubtful and sad was this battel, Fortune seeming to deliberate, and not resolving what to do: Cæsar himself was sad before the battel, contrary to his custome, either considering the frailty of mankind, or suspecting the long continuance of his prosperitie, or else fearing the fate of Pompey, being now grown to the height of Pompey: but in the battel it self (what never before had been known to happen) while both the armies were in their height of fury, a sudden silence, as if by consent, was throughout the field: and last of all (a thing not usual in Cæsar's army (the old Souldiers began to give ground, and that they did not absolutely flie, it seemed to be shame, not valor that withheld them: Concerning the dispair of Cæsar, and this his action Appian is my warrant, and Florus partly testifies as much.

c Sextus Pompeyus did long lurk in Celtiberia, till after the death of Julius Cæsar, he levyed forces, and surprised the Island of Sycily, he commanded the Seas in those parts, and saved many Romans that fled to him from the proscription of the triumviri: he was at last vanquished at Sea by Marcus Agrippa the chief General for Augustus Cæsar, and slain in Asia by the Souldiers of Marcus Antonius the Triumvir.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

The Argument of the seventh Book.

What different passions 'mongst the people rise
At Cæsar's new transcendent dignities:
He, to decline the envy of his reign,
Designes a war against the Parthian.
Cassius *consults with* Brutus *to set free*
The State again by Cæsar's *Tragedy.*
The Lords conspire: unto the Capitol
Cæsar *securely goes (though of his fall*
By fatal prodigies foretold in vain)
And entring there it by the Senate slain.

THat civil fury, that so long had torne
Romes state, and through so many regions born
Her bleeding wounds, it self had wasted now;
And long'd for peace did seem again to show
Her cheerful faces; the people hop'd for rest,
Since now unrival'd *Cæsar* was possest
Of all the honours, Rome could give, alone,
And the world knew no other power but one.
The ore-joy'd people with it ever so:
(His power was grown above their envie now)
And to the gods they willingly forgive
The loss of that unsafe prerogative

Their liberty, and gladly would adore
A safe and peaceful Scepter; for the more
His might in war their terrors did increase,
The more his vertues now secure their peace:
No better guardian, wish they, to the State
Than mighty *Cæsar*, whose unconquer'd Fate
So long prevail'd 'gainst all opposing powers,
And crush'd so many great competitors.
Nor do the poor Plebeians wish it so
Alone; these hopes the weary'd Senate too
(Except some few) do harbour with delight,
And gladly give consent to *Cæsar's* height:
They most of all desire a calm, since most
The highest Cedars by rough storms are tost;
They wish the shadow of that freedom gone,
Whose substance long agoe was overthrown.
For what since *Maurius* times, since *Sylla's* reign
Did they of ancient liberty retain,
But the bare name? For which so dear a price
They paid and saw so many Tragedies:
And therefore not alone from flattery,
But from true joy to *Cæsar* they decree
More height of honour, and more state than can
Fit the condition of a private man,
Lest he perchance might seem in his own eyes,
Less then a Monarch: to those dignities,
Which after the defeat of *Scipio*
He had receiv'd, they add far greater now,
Divine and humane, that throughout all lands
And all the Kingdoms which great Rome commands,
Not only Sacrifices should be had
For him, and offerings in all Temples made,
But Temples to himself they do decree
To consecrate as to a Deity:
But one more sumptuous than the rest, and high
Erected is to him and Clemencie
Joyning their Deities, where hand to hand
Does *Cæsar's* image with the goddess stand:
And (as his Countries saviour) every where
His rich-wrought Statues oaken Garlands wear.

They

They ſtile him Conſul for ten years to come,
Dictator ever, Father of his Rome;
And that in every cauſe, for ample State,
He, as Supreme, and Soveraign *Magiſtrate*
Should judgement give from a *Tribunal* high
Of burniſh'd gold, and poliſh'd Ivory.
That thoſe chaſt maids, which keep the Veſtal flame,
And all Romes Prieſts ſhould vow in *Ceſar's* name,
And for his ſafety offer every year,
And he himſelf a Robe *Triumphal* wear
At publike Sacrifice; that thanks ſhould be
Giv'n to the gods for his each victory,
And the daies ſacred. Who could ere have thought
That day on which Pharſalia's field was fought,
Or that of Thapſus, or ſad *Munda's* war
As holidays ſhould fill the Calendar?
And *Cato*, *Scipio*, *Pompey's* tragick falls
Be kept with joy as Roman Feſtivals.
The moneth Quintilis, to his laſting fame,
(Which gave him birth) muſt bear great *Julius* name.
What more deſerved honour could there be,
More fit, more grateful to poſterity,
For *Ceſar's* future memory to wear,
Than mention in his own amended year?
That he, whoſe wiſedome from confuſion
Had freed th'accounts of time, and to the Sun
Had ſquar'd his year, from all thoſe errors freed
Which negligence inſenſibly did breed,
In that ſhould live, while people every where
Throughout the World obſerve the *Julian* year.
And more to heighten his tranſcendent State,
They make decree, that every *Magiſtrate*
Shall (when elected) ſwear not to withſtand
What ever *Ceſar's* Edicts ſhall command,
Making his power ſo great, there's nothing now
But he himſelf, may on himſelf beſtow.
What now ſhould *Ceſar* fear? What ill ſucceſs
Can ſhake ſo ſtrong a grounded happineſs?
Or what ſhould Rome now in a State ſo bleſt
Suppoſe can rend her peace, or reave her reſt?

Asks it a greater vertue to maintain
A ſetled fortune than at firſt to gain?
Or is it eaſier to the powers on high
To give, than to preſerve proſperity?
Or would the gods elſe let proud mortals ſee
By this ſo fatal mutability,
Their frail eſtate, and find the diſtance ſo
Betwixt Celeſtial powers, and powers below?
Ceſar to mould the State anew begins
With wholeſome laws, and by his mercy wins
(If mercy could ſuch envy overcome)
The peoples hearts, calling from exile home
Thoſe baniſh'd Lords that had againſt him fought
To make all hatred, with the war, forgot;
And through the Empires wide circumference
Extends his bounty and Magnificence;
Carthage and Corinth he re-ediſies,
And plants them both with Roman colonies,
And not detracting from th'old founders fames,
Lets them both bear their firſt renowned names.
But yet (ſuſpecting what the ſad event
Prov'd true) how hardly his new government
Will at the firſt be brook'd, till time allay
That Envies heat, that does as yet out-weigh
His lenity, and nothing more than reſt
Matures the plots of diſcontented breſts,
Ceſar reſolves with ſpeed to entertain
An honourable war, to wipe the ſtain
Of civil blood by forreign deeds, away,
To fetch again from conquer'd Parthia
(Which yet ſecure did of Romes Trophees boaſt)
Thoſe captive Eagles which ſlain *Craſſus* loſt.
His fixed thoughts on that high action ſet,
Unto a great and frequent Senate met
Thus *Ceſar* ſpeaks; Fathers Conſcript, had I
Meant to abuſe my power in cruelty,
As *Cinna*, *Marius*, and dire *Sylla* did,
What cloſeſt vizor could ſo long have hid
My nature from you, you had found ere this
Some fatal ſignes but I, that ſtill did wiſh

Power

Power, for no other end than to ſecure
The uſe of vertuous deeds, and put in ure
Not what my paſſions but true reaſon taught,
In all theſe wars have for the publique fought,
To make my ſelf a guardian, not a Lord
Of Rome and you, and with a conquering ſword
Keep out all Tyrants, that might elſe intrude,
Working your ſafety, not your ſervitude.
What can this Senate, or the people fear
From *Cæſar's* power, whoſe mercy every where
So many pardon'd enemies have try'd?
And, ſave in battel, none by me deſtroy'd:
Let thoſe ſurviving witneſſes relate
How I in war have us'd my proſperous Fate;
Let *Scipio's* papers burn'd, unread by me
(After the field of Thapſus) teſtifie
How loth I was to find in Rome a foe:
And rather choſe my dangers not to know,
But ſtill to live in danger, than to be
Secur'd by ſlaughter and ſeverity:
Nor, but enforc'd, witneſs the gods of Rome,
To this ſad civil war did *Cæſar* come,
And was compel'd (though loth) to conquer more
To purchaſe that, which I deſerv'd before,
For which ten years ſucceſfully I fought
Againſt the Gaules, and all thoſe regions brought
Under the power of Rome, which lie between
The Pyrenæan hills, the German Rhine,
And Britiſh Seas, nor did the German Rhine,
Or Britiſh Seas my victory confine,
Which flew beyond them both, and croſſing ore
(Where never Roman Eagles pearch'd before)
I taught the Germans there our yoke to carry,
And made the painted Britanes tributary:
For which my triumphs envy did deny;
To win for Rome was made a crime in me.
Had not my foes ungrateful injury
Turn'd back thoſe conquering armes on Italy
They had, perchance, Fathers, by your command
Ere this ſubdu'd the fartheſt Eaſtern land.

Our name the Indians and tame Medes had known:
The Perſian Suſa, and proud Babylon
Had felt our ſtrength, nor on the Parthian coaſt
So long had *Craſſus* unrevenged Ghoſt
Complaining wander'd: That deſign for me
Reſts now to act(ſo you the war decree.)
When firſt the ſpring diſſolves the mountain ſnow,
And Weſtern winds upon the waters blow;
When with his golden horns bright *Taurus* opes
The chearful year; ſhall theſe victorious troops
Advance againſt the Parthians, and there dye,
Or fetch thoſe Eagles home with victory
Which *Craſſus* loſt: till then you need not fear
The inſolency of the Souldier,
That their diſorder'd ſilence here at home
May any way diſturb the peace of Rome.
My care already has (beſides the ſpoiles
Of forreign foes)rewarded all their toiles
With thoſe great ſummes, which here ſo lately I
(Perchance much envy'd) rais'd in Italy
To keep them ſtill, and did not fear to buy
With mine own Envy your ſecurity.
Then, Conſcript Fathers, if your wiſedoms ſhall
Eſteem of *Ceſar* as a General,
Fit to revenge the Roman infamy
'Gainſt Parthia's pride, decree the war to me:
I am your Souldier ſtill; nor ere has ought
But Romes renown by all my toils been ſought:
You ſhall perceive that *Ceſar's* Souldiers are
Not only fortunate in Civil war.
Ceſar had ended; when the Fathers all
To ſuch a war, and ſuch a General
Give glad conſent, and with one voice decree
The Parthian war to *Ceſar's* auſpicie.
But Fates deny what they ſo much deſir'd;
The date of *Ceſar's* glory was expir'd,
And Fortune weary'd with his Triumphs now
Revolts from him; more ruin and more woe
Was yet behind for wretched Rome to taſt:
Nor can their quiet happineſs out-laſt

The life of *Cæsar*, whose approaching Fate
More Civil wars and wounds must expiate.
No vertue, bounty, grace, or clemency
Could long secure usurped Soveraignty:
For more that power to Citizens born free
Distastful was, than benefits could be
Sweet and delightsome: which soon hasten'd on
To' untimely death of *Cæsar*; Nor alone
To this conspiracy did hatred draw
His ancient foes, as *Pontius*, *Aquila*,
Bucolianus, and *Cecilius*,
Ligartus pardon'd once, and *Rubrius*,
Servilius Galba, *Sextus Naso* too,
Spurius, with many of the faction moe:
But even 'mongst *Cæsar's* friends dire envy wrought,
And to his slaughter bold *Trebonius* brought,
Casca, and *Cimber*, and *Minutius*
His seeming friends; nor thee, Oh *Cassius*,
Could *Cæsar's* favour, nor thy Pretorship
Of Rome obtain'd, from this dire murther keep.
Decimus Brutus too, so highly grac'd,
And in so near a ranck of friendship plac'd
With *Cæsar*, to whose trust and governance
The wealthy province of Transalpine France
Cæsar had left, envying his Patrons power
Among the rest is turn'd conspirator:
Nor seems the knot of this great faction yet,
To be of strength enough, unless they get
Young *Marcus Brutus* in, who then did sway
The Province of Cisalpine Gallia,
Colleague with *Cassius* (as Romes Pretors) then,
And high in *Cæsar's* grace: this brave young man
For his known vertues, and admired parts,
In all the peoples discontented hearts
Did seem most thought of, and mark'd out to be,
The vindicator of lost liberty:
Nor did they hide it, but in libels wrote
On his Pretorian cell, expresst their thought,
Taxing his courage as degenerate
From th'ancient *Brutus*, who first freed the State

Of Rome from Monarchy; as if the fame
Of such an act could suit no other name,
And he by fatal birth condemn'd to be
An actor now in *Cæsar's* tragedy.
Now had *Ramnusian Nemesis* possest
In all her blackest forms, the vengeful brest
Of fiery *Cassius*, and did wholly sway
His eager thoughts, impatient of delay:
Who, by nights silence, enters *Brutus's* house;
Him there he finds alone, and anxious,
Wailing his Countries Fate, and sadder far
Than when the fear of this great civil war
First seiz'd the peoples hearts, and frighted Rome
Was fill'd with fatal prodigies: to whom
Cassius begins: Oh why should *Brutus* spend
That pretious time in thought, which he should lend
In active aid, to his sad countries need;
That would again by *Brutus's* hand be free'd.
See what the peoples longing thoughts expect
That thou should'st work for them; mark the effect
Of what they write on thy Prætorian Sell:
There may'st thou read that (though contented well)
They look'd no farther than for vain delights
(As Libyan huntings, and Circensian fights)
From other Prætors, they expect from thee
A benefit, no less than liberty:
Can *Brutus* think that *Cæsar*, while he lives,
Will ere relign so great a power, who strives
To make it more his own; and not content
With a Dictator's name and government,
An Office oft bestow'd, while Rome was free,
Aimes at more certain marks of Monarchy,
The Regal Crown and Scepter, thinking all
The Senate gives, cause they can give it, small?
Why were the tribunes elfe, for taking down
From *Cæsar's* Statue, late, a golden Crown,
Depos'd? Or what could he by law alledge
Against their persons sacred priviledge?
Did lewd *Antonius* put a Diadem
On *Cæsar's* head, to be refus'd by him

In

In publike onely, and not there to trie
How we would all allow his Monarchie?
Besides a thousand more ambitious arts,
He daily finds to sound the peoples hearts.
His death the period of his pride must be,
And must with speed be wrought: for if, till he
Return triumphant from the Parthian war,
We should delay our vengeance, harder far,
And with more envie must it then be done,
When he more honour and more love has won.
To shake off *Cæsar's* yoke this is the time,
Or make it not our own, but Fortunes crime:
The Noble *Brutus* sigh'd; Oh *Cassius*,
If Heavens (quoth he) have not allotted us
A longer date of freedom, how can we
With feeble arms controule their high decree?
They, that in Affrick, Spain, and Thessalie
Condemn'd the cause of Roman libertie,
Will not protect it now: and better far
It should be lost in fair and open war,
From whence at first it sprung, and grew so high,
Than to be sav'd by secret treacherie,
Such as the ancient Romans scorn'd to use
'Gainst worst of foes. Noble *Fabritius*,
When conquering *Pyrrhus* threaten'd Rome, disdain'd
To free his Countrey by a traitours hand,
Adventuring rather Romes sad overthrow
By open war: nor 'gainst a forren foe
Were these respects observ'd alone by us:
What greater traitour than *Sertorius*,
And foe to Rome? Yet he by treason slain
On base *Perpenna* stuck a lasting stain:
What hope was there that one so deep in bloud
As was that Butcher *Sylla*, ever would
Resign his reign to be a private man?
Yet who 'gainst *Sylla's* life attempted then?
'T wixt whom and *Cæsar* was as great an odds
Almost, as 't wixt the Furies and the Gods.
As much as those then living Romans were
Too timorous, too base, and prone to bear.

A Tyrants yoke, as much, for this, shall we
Be judg'd ingrate to *Cæsar's* clemencie;
And those old men will more accuse our crime;
That can remember *Sylla's* bloudy time:
But I (of all accurst) that so much ow
To *Cæsar's* favours, am condemned now
To be a subject, or from servitude
To free my self by foul ingratitude:
Oh what a torture my distracted breast
Suffers, 't wixt two such sad extremes oppress?
Oh why, when dire Pharsalia's field was fought,
And I disguis'd in common armour sought
To reach his life, before I was descry'd,
And sav'd by *Cæsar*, had not *Brutus* dy'd,
And free descended to the shades below?
Or if my aim had hit, one happie blow
Had reliev'd Rome from thrall without a stain
(Unless Great *Pompey* had usurp'd a reign)
And had not left our libertie to be
Thus poorly wrought by secret treacherie:
Oh, stay awhile our vengeance, *Cassius*,
See what the gods, and Fate will do for us,
Or what ere long our fatal enemies
The Parthians can do. *Cassius* replies,
Could *Brutus* then be pleas'd, the Parthian foe
Again should triumph in our overthrow?
To have, with publick loss and infamie
That wrought for us, which may with honour be
(And Rome yet safe) by our own hands atchiev'd.
In all thy reasons, yet, thou art deceiv'd,
Mistaking grounds of things, thou dost conclude
Impartial Justice foul ingratitude:
For if the deed be just no benefit,
Receiv'd, should hinder thee from acting it;
That were corruption, not true gratitude:
The greater favours *Cæsar* ere has shew'd
To thee, the more thy Justice will appear
In that the publick good thou dost prefer:
'T would take much honour from a deed so high,
If *Cæsar* had been known thine enemie:

Nor

Nor could an act, wherein thy private hare
Had born a ſhare. ſo much oblige the State:
To purchaſe honour, and our Countries good
Private reſpects of friendſhip or of bloud
Muſt be forgot and baniſh'd: is that old
Brutus through all ſucceeding times extoll'd,
By whoſe ſtrict Juſtice his own ſon did die,
That ſought again to bring in Monarchie?
And art thou bond to ſuffer *Cæſar's* reign?
What would old *Brutus* do, if here again?
Or unto thee can *Cæſar's* favour ſeem
A greater bound than nature was to him?
Nor canſt thou term it ſecret treacherie
If by our hands uſurping *Cæſar* die;
Since Fate of warlike power have us bereft,
And no means elſe to work our freedom left.
Should we a while defer the action,
It cannot be, perchance, hereafter done
But with diſhonour and baſe Treaſons ſtain,
When we before have both approv'd his reign;
For in the Sibils books 't was lately read,
The Parthians never can be vanquiſhed
But by a King? which in the peoples ears
Is told already; and his flatterers
By them would have it publickly deſir'd;
Our voices, *Brutus*, will be then requir'd;
Which we with greateſt peril muſt denie,
Or elſe for ever loſe our libertie.
When *Caſſius* had with his perſuaſive art
Fully confirm'd young *Brutus* wavering heart
To this ſad deed; a noiſe at door they hear;
Decimus Brutus now was enter'd there,
And all the reſt of that conſpiracie:
Where 'mongſt themſelves the fatal knot they tie,
By mutual oaths; ſtriving (alas) in vain
By *Cæſar's* death that freedom to attain,
Which was for ever baniſh'd by the doom
Of Fate, and never to return to Rome
Though often ſought; in ſtead of freedom now
More deſolation, Tragedies and woe

Afte

After this ſlaughter muſt again enſue;
And all the people that dire action rue
Which they deſir'd. Philippi's baleful day,
Peruſia's ſiege, and fatal Mutina,
With Leuca's fleet ſhall make afflicted Rome
Truly lament ore ſlaughter'd *Ceſar's* Tomb.
The baleful Ides of *March* approching nigh
Ordain'd by Fate for this great Tragedie,
Th' Etruſian Augurs, who divine by ſight
Of ſlain beaſts entrails, and the various flight
Of Birds, in *Ceſar's* danger were not dumb,
But boldly told what they foreſaw to come.
The Ides of *March* Spurinna bids him fear:
Nor did the Earth, the Air, or Skies forbear
Preſaging ſigns (if any ſignes could lend
Means to prevent what deſtinies intend:)
Affrighting voices in the Air were heard;
The Sun himſelf in threatning forms appear'd,
Sometimes, as if he wept, his glorious head
With a blew Rainbow round environed;
Sometimes quite dimm'd, as if he fled the ſight
Of men, and meant to make eternal night. (break:
The windy Spirits through earth's torn caverns
Floods chãge their courſes; beaſts 'gainſt nature ſpeak.
The ſwelling Poe orefiows th' adjoyning plain,
And to his channel ſuddenly again
Retiring back, thouſands of monſtrous Snakes,
Which he brought forth, upon drie ground forſakes.
The Sea, that had orewhelm'd a part of land
By Tyber's mouth, retiring, on the ſand
As many fiſh did in like ſort forſake:
But nearer ſigns great *Ceſar's* death fore ſpake.
Thoſe ſtately Steeds, which, when the war begun,
He croſſing ore the ſtream of Rubicon
Had conſecrated, and for ever freed
From future ſervice of the war, to feed
At libertie along the Chryſtal flood,
And quiet wander through the ſhady wood,
For many dayes before their Lord was ſlain,
Did of themſelves, their pleaſant food refrain:

Their

Their mourning eys preſaging ſorrow ſhew'd,
And all the paſture fields with tears bedew'd.
The little regal Bird, the day before,
Flying along, a ſprig of Laurel bore
Within her mouth; whom ſtraight a multitude
Of Birds from out the neighbouring wood purſu'd,
Till ſhe had enter'd *Pompey's* Court, and there
The Laurell'd Bird did all to pieces tear.
That night, that uſher'd forth the fatal day,
Was come, and with her darkneſs did diſplay
Prodigious fears, bringing, in ſtead of reſt,
A ſad diſturbance to each wakeful breaſt:
Throughout the Palace, where great *Ceſar* ſlept
His laſt, the arms of *Mars*, which there were kept,
Were heard to yield a horrid rattling ſound,
Claſhing together of themſelves; and round
About the houſe the doors flew ope at once:
The air of night was fill'd with diſmal grones;
And people oft awaked with the howls
Of Wolves and fatal dogs: ill boding Owls,
Night-jars, and Ravens with wide-ſtretched throats
From yews, and holleys ſend their baleful notes;
The ſhrieches, wailings, and all cries were heard
Of every fatal and affrighting Bird.
Shape-faining *Morpheus*, in the dead of night,
Sent from the King of reſt, with ſpeedy flight
Entering the Palace, to *Calpburnia*,
Who ſleeping in her Lords embraces lay,
Preſents his ſlaughter'd figure in ſuch wiſe
As unto all th' amazed peoples eys,
The next day's Sun muſt ſhow, all ſtain'd with bloud
Before the bed ſhe dreamt her *Ceſar* ſtood,
His viſage pal'd with death: that robe of State,
Which never foe before could violate,
All torn, through which his gaping wounds appear:
Calpburnia weeps, then ſhrickes aloud for fear,
And ſtretching ore the bed her loving-arms
T' embrace the flying ſhade; though free from harms
She find her Lord, who was awaked now,
Scarce dares ſhe truſt her waking ſenſes ſo

As

As ſhe beleeves the viſion; in her thought
So much that too prophetike dream had wrought.
Ceſar with kiſſes wipes away her tears,
And asks the cauſe of her ſo ſudden fears:
She trembling yet, the fatal dream declares
Which had diſturb'd her ſleep (nor could the cars
That roſe from thence, be baniſh'd) with the ſtorie
Mixing freſh tears, and loving oratorie,
Perſuades her *Ceſar* to remember now
What th' Augur's skills ſo lately did fore-ſhow,
And what the learn'd *Spurinna* bad him fear
From th' Ides of *March*, which now (ill) preſent were:
She begs of him he would forbear to go
That morning to the Senate, and beſtow
That one poor day, if not upon his own
Dear ſafetie, yet upon her fears alone:
And grant to her as much, as to a wife
Was due, of intreſt in a husbands life.
That he thoſe Spaniſh guards would entertain,
Which had ſo lately been diſmiſs'd, again:
That ſafe prevention of a danger neer
Was Noble ſtill, and could be ſtiled fear
No more than ſcorning the gods threats could be
True fortitude or magnanimitie.
Ceſar replies; Ah dear *Calphurnia*,
Dearer to me than that life-breath I draw,
Would'ſt thou forbear thy grief, it could not lie
Within the power of any prodigie
To make this day a ſad one: ſhould I here
Begin to learn that ſuperſtitious fear
Of fatal days and hours, what day to me
Could ere hereafter from ſuch fears be free?
I onely ſhould my wretched life torment,
And not my deſtin'd time of death prevent,
But live for ever with vain fears diſeas'd
When ere Aſtrologers or Augurs pleas'd:
Every beaſts entrails were a care to me,
And flight of every bird a maladie.
If *Ceſar's* danger grow from diſcontent
Of Rome, not one days abſence can prevent,

Nor

Nor ſcarce reprive my Fate; and once to die
Better than ever fear conſpiracie:
What good can ſtrongeſt guards on me confer
But make me live perpetual priſoner?
Why ſhould I fear the peoples diſcontent,
Who now enjoy under my government
More wealth, more ſafetie, and proſperitie
Than by my death they could? The death of me,
That have already reach'd the height of all
Glorie and State that can to man betal,
And wrought my fartheſt ends, can never be
So much mine own as their calamitie;
Who will again with Civil jars be rent,
And wiſh a ſafe and ſetled government:
Oh do not fear thy dream, *Calpburnia*,
Nor ſad preſages from ſuch trifles draw:
If dreams were fatal, Love, ſleep were not reſt;
Since moſt our cares would be by ſleep increaſt:
But if they were preſages, tell me then,
For our two dreams to night have diferent been,
Which ſhould prevail? Methought I flew above
The loftie Clouds, and touch'd the hand of *Jove*,
And to my ſelf did ſeem more great and high
Than ere before: what but felicitie
Should this portend? I dare not now ſuſpect
In calmeſt peace, thoſe powers, that did effect
My rougheſt wars; Oh let no ſad ſurmiſe
With cauſeleſs grief diſtain *Calpburnia*'s eys.
Aurora now from *Tithon*'s purple bed
Aroſe, and th' Eaſtern skie diſcoloured
Gave cheerful notice of th' approching Sun;
When forth, through Rome, th' officious clients run,
The Palace all with early vititants
Was fill'd, to wait when *Ceſar* would advance
Forth to the Senate; ſtriving to be ſeen
Neer th' earthly Sun, and in his raies to ſhine:
Some to do grace, and grace receive from him,
Some, like malignant clouds prepar'd to dim,
Or in eclipſe eternal burie quite
Before the ſet of *Phœbus*, *Ceſar*'s light.

Among the reſt did *Decimus* attend
With fained ſervice, and the name of friend
To Fatal ends abuſing, haſten'd on
Perſwaded *Cæſar* to deſtruction;
Though, ere they go, the Sacrifices all
Threatning and black appear'd, and did appal
The fearful Prieſts, who from thoſe entrails ſhow
Portent of dire calamitie and woe:
Some Bulls they could not at the Altar ſtay,
Who breaking thence fled through the ſtreets away;
In others, which were ſlain and open'd there,
None but th' infernal gods deign'd to appear:
The hearts were periſh'd, and corruption flow'd
Through all the vital parts, black was the bloud.
The burning entrails yielded onely fume,
No flame at all, but darkly did conſume
Mouldring away to aſhes, and with black
Unſavoury clouds through th' air a darkneſs make.
But *Cæſar*, maugre what the entrails threat,
Undaunted paſſes on (how wondrous great
Is deſtinie?) and as he goes, neglects
That Scroll preſented to him, which detects
The whole conſpiracie: which, as of ſmall
Import, he pockets up not read at all,
And enters *Pompey's* bloudy Court, led on
By powerful Fate to his deſtruction:
Where ominouſly receiv'd, he mounts his high
Dictator's Sell of Gold and Ivory;
The Lords obeiſance make in humbleſt wiſe,
When different paſſions in their breaſts ariſe;
Even thoſe bold hearts that vow'd his Tragedie,
Almoſt relent: the mans great Majeſtie,
That awful Fortune, that did ſtill attend
His deeds, in all extremes a conſtant friend
Produce a fear t' encounter diſcontent:
Nor do their fancies onely him preſent
Invincible in open field, as when
He ſtood environ'd with his armed men:
But ſuch as when alone he wrought his ends,
Aided by none but Fortune, as his friends,

As when he ſcap'd th' Ægyptian treacherie,
When he appeas'd his Souldiers mutinie,
Or when the ſtormie Seas he croſſed ore
By night, and ſafely reach'd Brundulium's ſhore:
And why ſhould not that friendly Fortune now,
As then (think they) prevent his overthrow
And to their ruin quite defeat the plot.
But ſhame forbid them to relent; the knot
Among too many conſcious breaſts was ty'd
To let them ſtart; and on the other ſide
Revenge encourag'd by the multitude
Of Actors, enter'd, and all fears ſubdu'd,
Firſt to his Sell bold *Cimber* made approch,
And ſeiz'd his Purple robe; at whoſe rude touch
While *Ceſar's* wrath together with amaze
Began to riſe, the reſt from every place
Drawn neer, no longer hiding their intent
The fatal Ponyards to his breaſt preſent:
The firſt wound on him *Caſca* did beſtow,
Whoſe Ponyard *Ceſar* wreſting, to his foe
Returns a ſtab back for the ſtab he gave,
Striving in vain with one poor ſtrength to ſave
A life aſſaulted by ſo many hands;
No ſuccours could approch, no guard, nor bands
Of aiding friends were nigh; that courage quite
Was loſt, that nere was loſt before in fight;
Until enfeebled by a deeper wound,
And by invading death environ'd round,
Hopeleſs he hides his face, and fixed ſtands
T' endure the furie of revenging hands
Repreſſing groans or words, as loth to ſhame
His former life, or dying ſtain the fame
Of theſe great deeds through all the World expreſt,
Theſe ſilent thoughts revolving in his breaſt:
Yet has not Fortune chang'd, nor given the power
Of *Ceſar's* head to any Conquerour;
By no Superiours proud command I die,
But by ſubjected Romes conſpiracie:
Who to the World confeſſes by her fears,
My State and ſtrength to be too great for hers,

And

And from earths highest Throne, sends me to be
By after-ages made a Deitie:
Through many wounds his life disseized, fled
At last; and he, who never vanquished
By open war, with bloud and slaughter strew'd
So many lands, with his own bloud embrew'd
The seat of wronged Justice, and fell down
A sacrifice t' appease th' offended gown.

FINIS.